JOAN OF ARC

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THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

[*Frontispiece.*

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JOAN OF ARC

BY

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I DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE BOOK
ON
JOAN OF ARC
TO
MY WIFE

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PREFACE

NEARLY five hundred years have passed away since the birth of Joan of Arc, and a considerable amount of attention is being directed to the life of this remarkable French girl. The story is an interesting one, and well repays close study. This short account of the Maid is not in any sense intended to be exhaustive, but to give a resumé of the principal incidents in which she took prominent part. For those who wish to go further into the subject I take the liberty of suggesting a few authorities. I place first *Jeanne D'Arc, Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France* : being the story of her life, her achievements, and her death, as attested on oath and set forth in the original documents, by T. Douglas Murray (Heinemann). This is a most excellent volume, containing practically all that is required upon the subject. Andrew Lang's *Maid of France* (Longmans & Co.) is a book of great charm, and the free expression of opinion regarding some of the chief actors in the great story is more than interesting. One speciality of the book is the very effective way in which the author deals with the recent work of Anatole France, which has caused great disappointment by its inaccuracies, and the unfortunate spirit in which the whole story is written. Its value is destroyed by its materialistic spirit. Mrs. Oliphant's book in the 'Heroes of the Nations' series is interesting. *The Maid of Orleans*, by Davenport Adams, contains much information. Hallam's *Middle Ages* on this section is

worth reading, and Earl Stanhope's article in the *Quarterly Review* of March, 1842, is excellent. Among the French writers the following are the principal authorities :

Le Siége d'Orleans, par Quicherat.

Procés de Condamnation et de Réhabilitation de Jeanne d'Arc, par Quicherat.

Chronicle de la Pucelle (Buchon).

Histoire de France, Michelet (tome x).

Histoire des Francais, Sismondi (tome xiii).

Monstrelet's Chronicles, translated by Thomas Johnes.

Histoire de Charles VII, par Jean Chartier.

Many poets have exercised their genius upon the theme. Schiller's ' Maid of Orleans ' is work of high order, although historically very inaccurate.

Joan figures in Shakespeare's *Henry VI*, Part I., but his inaccurate knowledge led him to unjust conclusions. Southey writes well upon the subject, and I have taken the liberty to include in this volume John Sterling's almost forgotten poem upon the Maid. Voltaire wrote some disgraceful verses upon Joan, but he wrote many disgraceful things! (However slightingly she has been written about by several of her own countrymen, Joan's place is secure among the great ones of history. She has recently been beatified by the Pope, who is taking steps for her canonization; but she has been canonized long since in the great heart of humanity.)

ARTHUR WHETNALL.

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DIARY OF PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN JOAN'S LIFE

1412.	Jan.	6.	Born at Domremy.
1418.			Agincourt.
1420.			Treaty of Troyes.
1424.			First Visions.
1428.			Call to save France.
1429.	(Feb.)		At Vaucouleurs interviewing the Governor, Baudricourt.
,,	,,	12.	Battle of Herrings.
,,	,,	23.	Leaves Vaucouleurs for Chinon.
,,	March	6.	Arrival at Chinon.
,,	,,	8.	Interview with Dauphin.
,,	(April.)		Joins army at Blois.
,,	April	27.	Starts for Orleans.
,,	,,	29.	Arrives at Orleans.
,,	May	4.	Arrival of the Army at Orleans and the taking of the Bastille St. Loup.
,,	,,	5.	Ascension Day.
,,	,,	6.	St. Augustine's Bastille taken.
,,	,,	7.	Les Tournelles Bastille taken.
,,	,,	8.	Siege raised.
,,	,,	13.	Joan meets Dauphin.
,,	June	11. 12.	Siege of Jargeau.
,,	,,	14.	Attack on Meung.
,,	,,	16.	Siege of Beaugency.

1429.	June 18.	Battle of Patay.
,,	,, 29.	Starts for Rheims.
,,	July 5.	At Troyes.
,,	,, 14.	Chalons surrenders.
,,	,, 16.	Enters Rheims.
,,	,, 17.	Coronation of Charles.
,,	Sept. 8.	Attack on Paris.
,,	,, 10.	Charles orders retreat from Paris.
1429-30.	Oct. to May.	With the Dauphin moving from town to town.
1430.	May 23.	Joan captured at Compiègne.
,,	(Oct.)	Leaps from the tower of Beaurevoir.
,,	(Nov.)	Sold to English.
,,	(Dec.)	Brought to Rouen.
1431.	(Jan.)	Her surrender to the Judges to be tried for heresy, ordered by Henry VI.
,,	Jan. 9.	Trial commenced.
,,	(Feb.)	Trial continued.
,,	(March.)	Trial continued.
,,	(April.)	Trial continued.
,,	,, 12.	Charges sent to the University of Paris.
,,	May 19.	Resolution of condemnation from Paris University.
,,	,, 24.	Abjuration of Joan. Sentence of perpetual imprisonment passed.
,,	,, 29.	Condemned as relapsed heretic.
,,	,, 30.	Sentence and death.
1456.	June 7.	Rehabilitation Commission delivered its judgement.
1909.		Beatification.
,,		Process of Canonization proceeding.

Joan of Arc

I.

Many a lucent star sublime
In the vault of earthly time;
Many a deed, and name, and face,
Is a lamp of heavenly grace,
And, to us that walk below,
Cheers with hope the vale of woe.
Lo! the great aërial host,
Whom our bodily eyes have lost,
To the spirit reappear
With their glory shining here:
Bearded saints from holy cell;
Warriors who for duty fell;
Thoughtful devotees, in youth
Spell-bound by a glance of truth,
And to whom all else has been
But a thin and changeful scene;
All to whom the many shows
That the years of earth disclose
Are but gleams, for moments given,
Of an ever-present Heaven.

II.

High amid the dead who give
Better life to those that live,
See where shines the peasant Maid,
In her hallowed mail arrayed,
Whom the Lord of Peace and War
Sent as on a flaming car,
From her father's fold afar.
Here the calm supernal faith,
Braving ghastliest looks of death;
For, O! loveliest woodland flower
Ever bruised in stormiest hour!
Guardian saints have nerved thy soul
Battling nations to control;
And the vision-gifted eye,
That communing with the sky,
Sank when human steps were nigh,
Now, in face of fiend and man,
Must the camp and city scan,
And outspeed the rushing van.

III.

Pause not, gentle maiden, now!
Awful hands have marked thy brow;
And, in lonely hours of prayer,
'Mid the leafy forest air,
Boundless powers, eternal eyes,
Looks that made old prophets wise,
Have inspired thy solitude
With a rapt, heroic mood,
And have taught thy humble weakness

All the strength that dwells in meekness;
And with how devouring sway,
Right, oppressed by long delay,
Bursts out in a judgement day.
Thus thy heart is high and strong,
Swelling like cherubic song,
For thou art so low and small,
It must be the Lord of All
Who can thus the world appal.
Race and country, daily speech,
That makes each man dear to each,
Friends and home, and love of mother,
Grandsire's grave, and slaughtered brother,
Fields familiar, native sky,
Voices there that on thee cry;
Winds pursue with vocal might,
Stars will not be dumb by night,
And the dry leaf on the ground
Has a tongue of pealing sound,
Loud from God commanding thee,
Go, and set thy nation free!

IV.

Battle's blast is fiercely blowing,
Clarions sounding, coursers bounding,
Pennons o'er the tumult flowing,
Host on host the eye astounding,
And in headlong fury going,
Mounted Kingdoms wildly dashing,
Lance to lance, and steed to steed;
Now most haughtiest champions bleed,
And a myriad swords are flashing,
Loud on shield and helmet clashing;

Ne'er had ruin nobler spoil
On this broad and bloody soil.
As the storms a forest crushing,
Oaks of thousand winters grind,
So the iron whirl is rushing,
Shouts before and groans behind.
Still amid the dead and dying,
All in shattered ridges lying,
Pride, revenge, and youthful daring,
And their cause and country's name,
Drive them on with sweep unsparing—
Naught for life, and all for fame!
Still above the surge of battle
Breathes the trump its fatal gale,
And the hollow tambours rattle
Chorus to the deadly tale.
Still is Joan first in glory,
Still she sways the maddening fight,
Kindling all the flames of story,
With an unimagined might.
Squadrons furious close around her,
Still her blade is waving free;
Sword nor lance avails to wound her,
Terror of a host is she.
Heavenly guardian, maiden wonder!
Long shall France resound the day,
When thou camest, clad in thunder,
Blasting thy tremendous way.

V.

Yet, who closer marked the face
That o'erruled the battle place,
Much had marvelled to discern

Looks more calm and soft than stern.
For no flush of hot ambition
Stained her soul's unearthly mission.
Raging hate, and stubborn pride,
Warlike cunning, life long tried,
Low before that presence died,
For within her sainted heart
Naught of these had found a part.
God had willed the land to free;
Handmaiden of God was she.
Ne'er so smooth a brow before,
Battle's darkening ensign wore;
And 'twas still the gentle eye
Wont when evening veiled the sky,
In the whispering shade to see
Angels haunt the lonely tree.

VI.

Loud o'er Orleans rampant swells
Music from her steeple bells,
Loud to France the triumph tells;
And the vehement trumpets blending,
With the shouts to heaven ascending,
Hail the Maid whom seraphs bless,
Consecrated championess!
Sound from heart to heart that tingles,
Echoing on without a pause;
While her name like sunshine mingles
With each breath a nation draws.
All the land with joy on fire,
Blazes round the festal march,
Till they meet the priestly choir
Under Rheims' cathedral arch.

Ancient towers, and cloisters hoary,
Gleam, and thrill above the King;
Beauteous rite and blazoned story,
On his crown their lustre fling,
With an old resurgent glory,
Laws and freedom hallowing.
Therefore baron, count, and peer,
Priest and dame no more in fear,
All assemble wondering here;
And a sea of common men,
Feasting all with greedy ken.
Now behold, in pomp appear,
Smiling, not without a tear,
Joan, the dearest sight to see,
First of all the chivalry,
Bearing low her bannered spear.

VII.

Dizzy with their full delight,
All disperse ere comes the night.
Charles and all his train are met,
Revelling in royal hall;
Shield and pennon o'er them set,
Many a doubtful fight recall;
And the thronged and clamping town,
For the rescued land's renown,
Keeps a sudden carnival.
Ask ye, where the while is Joan?
She within the Minster lone,
To the silent altar steals,
And before it trembling kneels;
And amid the shadows dim,
Faithfully she prays to Him

Who His light in dark reveals.
Now again her home she sees,
Domremy, with all its trees,
Where the ancient beech is growing,
And the haunted fount is flowing,
And the Meuse with equal sound
Breathes its quiet all around.
Won again by weeping prayer,
Lo! her loved protectors there,
Catherine mild, and Margaret fair.
Over them a light is streaming,
On their gracious foreheads beaming,
Effluence from an orb unseen;
To which Heaven is but a screen;
All our human sight above,
Not beyond our human love;
And from thence she hears a Voice
That can make the dead rejoice;
'Give not way to pride or fear,
For the end of all is near!'

VIII.

And with many tears implored!
'Tis the sound of home restored!
And as mounts the angel show,
Gliding with them she would go,
But, again to stoop below,
And, returned to green Lorraine,
Be a shepherd child again.
Now the crown of Charles is won,
Now the work of God is done,
Angel wings, away! away!
Lift her home by close of day,

And upon her mother's breast
Give her weary spirit rest.
Then with vernal thickets nigh,
And the waters glistening by,
In smooth valleys let her keep
Undescried her quiet sleep.
This the promise to the Maid
By the heavenly voice conveyed :
O ! how differing far the doom !
O ! how close the bloody tomb :
Thus men hear, but not discern,
What Heaven wills that they should learn ;
And the time and deed alone
Make the eternal meaning known.

IX.

Wail, ye fields and woods of France !
Rivers, dim your sunny glance.
All of strong, and fair, and old,
That the eyes of men behold,
Mountain grey, and hermit dell,
Sun and stars unquenchable,
Founts whose kisses woo the lea,
Endless many-flooded sea,
All that witnesses a power
To o'erawe the importunate hour,
Human works devoutly wrought
To enfold enduring thought,
Shrines that seem the reverend birth
Of an elder, holier earth,
Mourn above your altars dear,
Quaking with no godless fear !
And ! thou deepest heart of man,

Home of love ere sin began,
Faith prophetic, mercy mild,
Patriot passion undefiled,
Mourn with righteous grief the day
When was hushed your choral lay!
When the hovering guardian band
Of the liberated land,
Radiant kings were seen to wane,
And were eyeless clouds again;
When the foe, who far recoiled,
By a maiden's presence foiled,
Rushed again in grim despair
From his burning bloody lair,
And made a prey of her whose word
Was so oft a living sword.

X.

Woful end, and conflict long!
Stress of agonizing wrong!
In the black and stifling cell,
Watched by many a sentinel.
Not a saint is with her now
Beaming light from locks and brow:
No melodious angel calls
Through the huge unshaken walls:
But the brutal sworder jeers,
Making merry at her tears,
And the priests her faith assail
Till it fears, but cannot fail.
So the hopeful cheer she wore,
Like a robe of state before—
Branch and leaf, and summer flower,
Perish from her hour by hour.

But the firm sustaining root
Dies not with the feathery shoot.
So survives her Soul—but O!
Fierce the closing gust of woe,
When beneath the eyes of day
Thousands gather round her way,
And a host of steel array;
When the captive, wan and lowly,
Walks beside her jailer slowly,
Till before the expectant pile
Weak she stands, with saddest smile;
And her steady tones reply
To the cowled tormentor's lie—
'God commanded me to go,
And I went, as well ye know,
To destroy my country's foe!'
While she clasps the saving rood
Fiercer swells the murderers' mood,
Till, through rising smoke and flame
Comes no sound but Jesu's name—
Jesu—Jesu—oft renewed
Oft by stifling pain subdued.
Soon that cry is heard no more,
And the people, mute before,
Groan to Heaven, for all is o'er.

XI.

Word untrue! That all can ne'er
Have its close and destiny here.
All that can be o'er on earth
Is the shifting cloudland's birth:
Dream and shadow, mist and error,
Joy unblest, and nightmare terror—

Passions blent in ghostly play,
Twinklings of a gusty day—
Glittering sights that vaguely roll,
Catch the eye, but mock the soul—
Griefs and hopes ill understood,
Tyrants of man's weaker mood—
These, and all the aims they cherish,
In their native tomb may perish.
Phantoms, shapeless, huge, and wild,
That beset the greybeard child—
Loud usurpers, fierce and mean,
Ruling an unstable scene:
Blinding hate, and gnawing lust,
Lies that cheat our wiser trust,
These may cleave to formless dust;
But the earth, oppressed so long
By the heavy steps of wrong,
Sends an awful voice on high
With a keen accusing cry,
And appeals to Him whose lore
Tells—the all can ne'er be o'er.

XII.

Faithful maiden, gentle heart!
Thus our thoughts of grief depart;
Vanishes the place of death;
Sounds no more thy painful breath;
O'er the unbloody stream of Meuse
Melt the silent evening dews,
And along the banks of Loire
Rides no more the armed destroyer.
But thy native waters flow
Through a land unnamed below,

And thy woods their verdure wave
In the vale beyond the grave,
Where the deep-dyed western sky
Looks on all with tranquil eye,
And on distant dateless hills
Each high peak with radiance fills.
There amid the oak tree shadow,
And o'er all the birch crowned meadow,
Those for whom the earth must mourn
In their peaceful joy sojourn.
Joined with Fame's selected few,
Those whom rumour never knew,
But not less to conscience true:
Each grave prophet soul sublime,
Pyramids of elder time;
Bards with hidden fire possessed,
Flashing from a woe-worn breast;
Builders of man's better lot,
Whom their hour acknowledged not,
Now with strength appeased and pure,
Feel whate'er they loved is sure.
These and such as these the train,
Sanctified by former pain,
Mid those softest yellow rays
Sphered afar from mortal praise;
Peasant, matron, monarch, child,
Saint undaunted, hero mild,
Sage whom pride has ne'er beguiled;
And with them the champion Maid
Dwells in that serenest glade;
Danger, toil, and grief no more
Fret her life's unearthly shore;
Gentle sounds that will not cease,
Breathe but peace, and ever peace;
While above immortal trees

Michael and his host she sees
Clad in diamond panoplies;
And more near, in tenderer light,
Honoured Catherine, Margaret bright,
Agnes, whom her loosened hair
Robes like woven amber air—
Sisters of her childhood come
To her last eternal home.

JOHN STERLING.

I

The Tragedy of the Hundred Years War

But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraisèd spirit that hath dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work:
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history.
Who, prologue like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge . . .

—Shakespeare, *King Henry V*, Part I.

I

THE TRAGEDY OF THE HUNDRED YEARS WAR

It is not an exaggeration to say that history has produced no more striking figure than Joan of Arc. Her whole life is one of those mysterious, dazzling, baffling things which leaves the human mind in a complete state of amazement. She is one of the most astounding figures that has ever appeared upon the stage of this world. France has always been noted for brilliancy, but this girl was more than brilliant. She was more than great. She herself claimed to be inspired! And it is impossible to escape the conclusion that she was a great spiritual phenomenon. Nor is there any doubt that she was also a noble character, who stands for all that is best in patriotism, for all that is sublime in religious faith, for all that is great in service, for all that is splendid in loyalty to great ideals, and for all that is beautiful in pure heroic womanhood.

To understand clearly the wonderful work of Joan's short life it is necessary to glance rapidly at the condition of things prior to her advent into this world. We turn back the hands of time to the year 1328. In that year died Charles IV of France, and as he had no male heir, Edward III of England claimed the French crown in right of his mother, who was sister to the dead French king. The French people were not anxious to have an English king, and instead of appreciating the kindly interest of Edward, who wished to increase his personal possessions without trouble or cost, they elected Philip of Valois. The validity of their election was based upon the Salic law, which forbids the accession of females to the French throne.

Edward nursed his chagrin, and waited for an opportunity to intervene. It came in this way. Edward was at that time at war with King David of Scotland, who, having suffered a severe reverse, fled for protection to the French Court. To annoy and irritate his English opponent, Philip gave King David a welcome and a home. This led to perhaps the most terrible conflict the world has ever known. It is described in history as 'The Hundred Years War.'

The following year hostilities began. The English navy administered a disastrous defeat to the French fleet at Sluys, capturing, so runs the chronicle, no less than 230 ships, and destroying 20,000 seamen. It was not a brilliant opening for France. A further victory fell to the Earl of Brittany. In 1346 one of the great battles of English history was fought. At Crécy 10,000 Englishmen faced 100,000 Frenchmen. The result was a loss of 30,000 French soldiers, and a marvellous victory for Edward. Ten years later his son, the Black Prince, achieved at Poitiers, with a very small force, perhaps a still greater victory over a French army of 60,000 men. No wonder that Frenchmen began to regard Englishmen with awe and hatred. The prowess of the English soldier seemed to destroy all enterprise, bravery, patriotism among the French.

During the reigns of the two kings who followed Edward, Richard II and Henry III, the war was continued at intervals. When any English 'party' wanted an excursion, instead of going as they do now to Africa in search of big game, they used to cross over to fight the French, and as a rule the French had the worse of these little pleasure expeditions. During the reign

of Henry V the French king became an imbecile, and the two great Houses of Orleans and Burgundy divided the kingdom. For thirty years Charles VI remained in a most distressful condition, neglected by his court, and by his wife Isabella of Bavaria, who certainly deserves the scathing censures history has poured upon her.

A word or two is needed to show the relationship of these two Houses; and the reason of their opposition and strife. The Duke of Burgundy was the mad King's uncle, the Duke of Orleans was his brother. The Duke of Orleans exercised an evil influence upon Queen Isabella, who was anxious that he should become regent of France. Between these two men, who both at different times occupied the position of regent, there was the bitterest enmity. The one was constantly struggling to wrest power from the other. Orleans naturally was the centre of the influence and authority of its Duke; while the Burgundian power made itself most felt in Paris. In 1404 the Duke of Burgundy died, and his son John, known as John *Sans Peur*, the Fearless, succeeded him. In November, 1407, the two Dukes professed to reconcile their differences, and took the Holy Sacrament together on Sunday the 20th of

the month. On the following Wednesday, some paid hirelings of Burgundy set upon the Duke of Orleans, and literally hacked him to pieces in the streets of Paris. The result was a blood feud which split the nation into two great factions for many years. On one side was the Duke of Burgundy, and on the other was the Queen and the House of Orleans. Twelve months after, the murderer offered to the Court a very impertinent apology, and a farce of reconciliation took place between the hostile parties. French historians refer satirically to this reconciliation as 'la paix fourrée' (the hollow peace). Peace, however, between these factions was impossible. The Duke of Burgundy succeeded in grasping the reins of government, and driving his opponents from Paris. The heir to the French throne, called the Dauphin, tried for a time to keep the two great houses in check by balancing one against the other. But against the wishes of Burgundy he allowed the eldest son of the Duke of Orleans to marry a daughter of Count Armagnac, and the Count joining his forces to the Dauphin's, the humiliation of Burgundy was brought about. From this time the supporters of Orleans are repeatedly referred to as the Armagnacs. The

situation became more involved by the deaths of the Dauphin and his brother within a period of sixteen months. Thus Charles, a boy of sixteen years of age, became heir to the throne.

Overtures had been made to Henry V of England. For the time he disguised his real intentions, though he saw a favourable opportunity of endeavouring to regain the territory which England had held in France as far back as the reign of King John. This he presently demanded. He also demanded the French King's daughter in marriage, with a dowry of 2,000,000 crowns. The French people, patching up their own internal differences with the peace of Auxerre, defied Henry to do his worst. The King crossed over to France with 30,000 soldiers. Disease soon reduced the English to sore distress. At this inopportune moment a French force of 90,000 men marched down upon the English camp, and the great and terrible battle of Agincourt followed. Sick and weak as the English soldiers were, they played a great part. They completely routed their enemies, who fled leaving 10,000 dead upon the field of battle. Jean sans Peur, the Duke of Burgundy, was now reconciled to the Dauphin. Immediately afterwards, at an interview which

CHARLES VII.

took place on the bridge of Montereau in Paris, the Duke was slain, and the murder of Orleans avenged. Whether the Dauphin was party to a plot, or whether it was the outcome of an accidental brawl, will never be known, but Hallam says, 'A solemn oath was taken by all ranks to avenge the crime; the nobility, the clergy, and the Parliament vying in their invectives against Charles, whom they now styled only pretended Dauphin.' Even the mother of Charles wickedly acquiesced in the declaration of his illegitimacy. The outcome of this involved and disastrous situation was the Treaty of Troyes (1420), by which the Burgundian party allied itself with the English against the House of Orleans. Henry was to marry the French Princess, be Regent of France during the remainder of the mad King's life, and at his death become sole possessor of the crown. Thus by this Treaty the real heir to the position, the Dauphin Charles, the son of the mad king, was thrust upon one side, and was constantly referred to as the 'Illegitimate.'

Under the able administration of the Duke of Bedford, English interests were consolidated until all the northern part of France, with the exception of Orleans, acknowledged the authority of the

English power. The Dauphin, to his discredit, made no attempt to alter this state of affairs, but spent his time in idleness and pleasure-making, dominated in turn by a series of men stronger than himself whose sole thought seemed to be to make profit out of his misfortunes. Two years after the Treaty of Troyes, Henry V and the mad king died within two months of one another, and the infant son of Henry was proclaimed King of France.

As to the Dauphin, Hallam says, 'This prince is one of the few whose character has been improved by prosperity. During the calamitous morning of his reign he shrunk from fronting the storm, and strove to forget himself in pleasure. Though brave, he was never seen in war; though intelligent, he was governed by flatterers. Those who had committed the assassination at Montereau under his eyes were his first favourites—as if he had determined to avoid the only measure through which he could hope for better success, a reconciliation with the Duke of Burgundy. The Count de Richemont, brother of the Duke of Brittany, who became afterwards one of the chief pillars of his throne, consented to renounce the English alliance, and accept the rank of Con-

stable, on condition that these favourites should quit the Court. Two others, who successively gained a similar influence over Charles, Richemont publicly caused to be assassinated, assuring the King that it was for his own and the public good. Such was the debasement of morals and government which twenty years of civil war had produced! Another favourite, La Trémouille, took the dangerous office, and, as might be expected, employed his influence against Richemont, who for some years lived on his own domains, rather as an armed neutral than a friend, though he never lost his attachment to the royal cause.'

The north of France was now practically in the hands of the English, whilst the south was ravaged by a combination of English and Burgundian soldiers. For years the whole country had been devastated by hordes of greedy, bloodthirsty mercenaries. Patriotism faded out of the hearts of the oppressed people. The torch of hope had died down to its last spark. Pestilence and famine, the hungry wolves that follow in the path of war, spread terrible desolation over the country. Green says: 'The whole north of France, indeed, from the Lorraine to the German border, was fast being reduced to a desert. The

husbandmen fled for refuge to the towns, till these in fear of famine shut their gates against them. Then in despair they threw themselves into the woods, and became brigands in their turn. So terrible was the devastation that contending armies even failed to find one another in the desolate Beance. The towns were in hardly better case, for misery and disease killed a hundred thousand people in Paris alone.' Religion had lost its hold. Men felt it useless to call upon the heavens, which seemed as brass above their heads. The very name of England was a portent of woe, and her army was regarded as a giant that nothing could destroy. The whole country was miserably poor, unutterably wretched, and in the throes of a despair which threatened a national collapse.

II

The Calling of the Maid

Most reverend prelate, people call me Joan;
I'm but a simple shepherd's lowly child,
Born in the royal borough Dom Remi,
Within the Church's diocese of Youl.
From childhood I did tend my father's flock;
And much, and many a time, I heard men talk
Of the uncouth outlandish island folk
Who o'er the sea had come to make us slaves,
And force upon us the detested yoke
Of alien kings repugnant to our race;
And how already Paris they had seized,
And grasped the sovereignty of the realm.
Then fervently God's mother I implored
To turn from us the shame of foreign bonds,
And to preserve to us our lineal king.
Now in my native hamlet's front there stands
An ancient image of the Virgin, sought
By many a pious pilgrim far and near;
And thereby grows a consecrated oak
Renowned for mystic power and wonders rare;
And 'twas my joy to sit beneath its boughs
Tending my flock; for so my heart was drawn.
If e'er a lamb might stray upon the hills,
I ever found its clue with my dreams
Whene'er I slept beneath that sacred shade.
And once upon a time when all night long
I sate in holy meditation wrapt
Beneath that tree, resisting slumber's claim,
Sudden the Virgin stood before my sight,
Bearing a sword and banner; but her garb

Was like mine own, that of a shepherd maid.
'Rise, Joan,' she cried, 'arise and leave thy flock,
The Lord hath called thee to another task;
Henceforth this banner bear and wield this blade;
With this exterminate my people's foes,
Conduct to Rheims the chosen of the Lord,
And crown him with the diadem of France.'
But I replied, 'Can I, a simple maid,
And all unskilled in war's dread handicraft,
Adventure on such mighty things as these?'
To this she said, 'A pure and spotless maid
Sublimest things can bring to pass on earth
So she eschew the carnal loves of sense.
Look upon me, a maiden such as thou,
I bore the Lord Himself, the Son of God,
And am myself Divine!' With that she touched
Mine eyelids, and lo! when I looked on high,
I saw Heaven open, filled with angel boys
All bearing snowy lilies in their hands,
The while sweet anthems floated on the air.
Thus three successive nights the sacred shape
Appeared to me, and cried, 'Joanna, rise!
The Lord hath called thee to a higher task.'
And on the third night, as she thus appeared,
She seemed in ire, and spake these angry words:
'Obedience is the woman's plight on earth,
Patient endurance is her heavy lot;
Through service alone she's glorified;
Who faithful serves below shall reign above.'
And as she spake, she doffed the sordid garb
Of shepherdess, and as the Queen of Heaven
She stood before me in celestial pomp,
Till golden clouds did waft her up on high,
Slowly ascending to the land of bliss.

—SCHILLER'S *Maid of Orleans.*

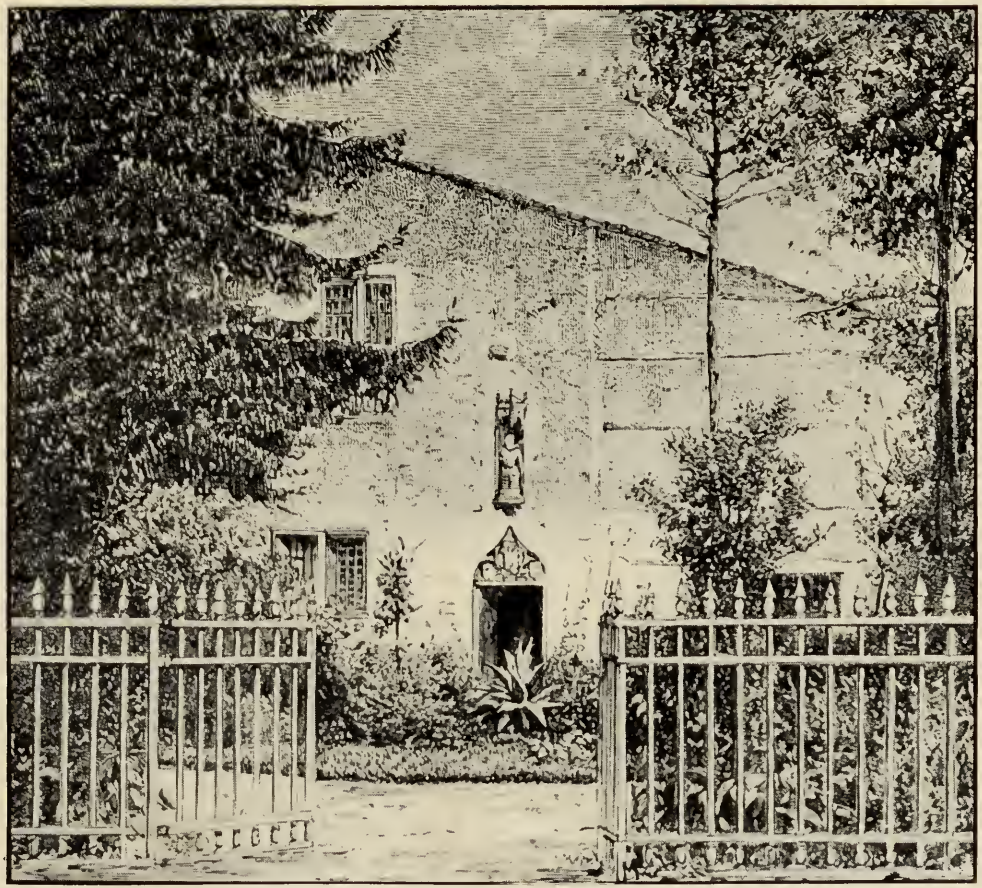
II

THE CALLING OF THE MAID

Joan of Arc was born in the little village of Domremy, in the west of France, on January 6, 1412. Domremy was a quaint, old-world place, consisting of low thatched cottages and narrow rustic lanes. Its surroundings were lovely in the extreme. It adjoined a very wonderful and romantic forest, full, so run the local legends, of bewitching fairies, marvellous sprites, and terrible dragons. In the forest there stood a famous 'Fairy Tree.' Here the fairies tripped out their fantastic dances to still more fantastic music; here the children romped all the day through, and brought their garlands of flowers for the Fairy Queen; and here Joan is supposed to have heard her wonderful 'Voices' for the first time. Her parents were simple peasants, and could neither read nor write. A distinguished line of ancestry

could have done absolutely nothing for this girl. Joan was one of those great souls who work out life's purpose whether they are born in a stable or amidst the grandeur of a palace. The impetus needed for great performance comes from personal worth, from true conception of duty, and from supreme determination to be loyal to the highest and best things that an enlightened conscience enables us to see. This was Joan's position. Seeing distinctly the supreme purpose of her life, despite everything, she pressed on to its fulfilment. Her career shows there are no such things as hindrances to the individual who would achieve great work. A nobleman who painted remarkably well once showed one of his paintings to a distinguished artist. He replied, 'Your lordship only requires a little poverty to make you a complete artist.' It is more than probable that Joan's humble origin had something to do with her greatness and exquisite beauty of character; she certainly did not allow it to militate against her.

It is only natural that about the childhood of the 'Maid' many stories should be woven. With the children of the village she danced round the 'Fairy tree,' and periodically hung thereon her



BIRTHPLACE OF JOAN OF ARC AT DOMREMY.

wreath of flowers dedicated to the Virgin. The marvellous voices, and the mystery of the forest in which she played, sank deep into her soul. All the children of the village loved her, for she was gentle and brave. An old story runs that a madman who had been kept in a cage broke loose, and attacked the party with whom Joan was playing, with an axe. The frightened children, with the exception of Joan, ran screaming away, but she fearlessly advanced to the man, took him by the hand, in some strange way pacified him, and led him back to his cage without suffering any injury. Her kindness to the sick was marvellous, and her charity to the beggar and outcast was carried sometimes to the extent of making them occupy her bed while she stretched her limbs upon the floor. Every account that has come down to us tells how passionately she loved her parents and her home. If she had day-dreams she did not allow them to interfere with the routine of her household duty. She was not too ethereal to soil her hands with work, neither was she one of those ambitious souls whose thoughts are so much associated with future greatness as to be oblivious of present need. She dreamed dreams and saw visions, but she was at the same time her

mother's dependable little maid, and when greatness came to her it is with a piteous note of woe in her voice that she longs for the old home of Domremy, and her parents' love.

She was deeply religious. Sometimes when playing with other children she would quietly withdraw herself, and devote a few minutes to silent but sincere devotion. She often went to church and confession, and gave the beadle presents to be punctual in ringing the bell. She was bright, strong, healthy, and her laughter rang out as loudly as the other children's. Joan was the most popular child in the village. She could neither read nor write, but she knew all the legends of her much-loved church. 'She was,' says Michelet, 'a living legend. But the energy of her life spiritualized and concentrated, and did not become less creative. The young girl, unknown to herself, created (so to speak) and realized her own ideas, made them beings, communicated to them, from the wealth of her virgin life, a splendid and all-powerful existence, which rendered dull and pale the miserable realities of the world. If poetry means creativeness, this without doubt was the highest poetry.'

She grew up accustomed to the din and talk of

war, and was not ignorant of the distress of her country. Nearly all the people of her village were devoted to the party of the Dauphin, and were thus opposed to the English and Burgundians. She remembered the dark day when the Treaty of Troyes was announced in her native village, and the still darker day when the French king died, and the English prince was proclaimed as his successor to the throne. Still later a party of Burgundian soldiers descended upon her own village plundering, burning, destroying. The people flew for their lives uttering terrible curses against their enemies. Joan's father fled with his family for shelter to Neufchateau, a town under the protection of the Duke of Lorraine, who was sympathetically inclined towards the Dauphin's interests. After fifteen days' residence at an inn they returned to find their home in ruins. The people of Domremy were compelled to acknowledge the power of the English publicly, but they flouted it in their minds. So strong was the feeling in the village that the very children used to issue forth to attack the children of a neighbouring village that favoured the opposite party. Returning sometimes from these mimic encounters wounded and bruised by the sticks and stones of

their opponents, they were tended by Joan's skilful fingers, and comforted by her words of soothing flattery.

As story after story came to the village as to the all-conquering power of the English, and the continued humiliation and defeat of the French party, the anguish and distress of her country wrung Joan's heart with bitter grief. France lay bleeding to death, soon she would be wholly in the hands of the English. The girl began to think. God had delivered Israel; would not God deliver France? Had He not done great things by women in the bygone days, and might He not do them again? Merlin had prophesied that a woman should save France. Had it not been declared that a woman should lose France, and that a woman should also save France? It was generally acknowledged that Isabella had lost France through declaring that her son was illegitimate; Joan sometimes allowed herself to think that it might be her hand that should again save the country. Her heart was torn for her Fatherland. She wept and prayed for it, till presently she was willing to die for it. She was only a child, but France lay upon her heart as a great and bitter grief.

Whether this attitude of Joan's helped to create her visions it is difficult to say; but when twelve years of age she was conscious one day of a great celestial light by her right side, from which came a voice that said, 'Joan! Joan! be thou a wise and a good girl.' To that heavenly voice she was not disobedient. It came again, and again, and said, 'Joan! Joan! say your prayers!' 'Joan! Joan! Pray! Pray!' Do not smile superciliously at this girl of twelve who declared that Michael the Archangel spoke to her. All history teaches that God has raised up men and women for special work. A learned doctor said to a French cardinal, 'I can show you twenty Joans of Arc in our hospitals, neurotic creatures who are subject to visions, and who hear voices.' 'But,' replied the cardinal very aptly, 'they have not given back to France Alsace and Lorraine.' What is the use of believing in God at all if we do not believe that He does when necessary communicate spiritual instruction and guidance? To the upright there always ariseth a Light in the darkness.

Presently the 'Voices' became more specific and definite. A marvellous vision came to Joan of a man with dazzling wings, and the grave and

serene brow of celestial wisdom. This time the 'Voices' had an urging note, 'Joan, go thou to the succour of the King of France.' 'What can I do?' cried the girl. 'I can neither manage the war-steed, nor know I how to lead armed men.' The voice replied, 'Thou shalt go to the Governor of Vaucouleurs, and he shall conduct thee to the King, and St. Catherine and St. Margaret will aid thee.' The vision faded away, leaving the girl overwhelmed with fear. But other visions came, till fear passed away, and she grew to delight in them. Sometimes in her vivid imagination she saw the English being driven back by the all-conquering Michael in utter confusion. You may call her an enthusiast, and say she saw what she wanted to see; but this fact remains, that when on trial for her life she declared: 'As firmly as I believe in God, so firmly do I believe my Voices came from God.' In the face of her wonderful work, who dare gainsay her? There is one thing that it is absolutely impossible to question, and that is this girl's sincerity. Even Anatole France, in his curious and materialistic life of the Maid, declares, 'She had visions; these were neither feigned nor produced by trickery. She really believed that she heard voices which spoke to her,

THE VISION OF JOAN OF ARC.

and came from no human lips. I have raised no doubts as to the sincerity of Jeanne. No man can suspect her of falsehood.' For five years these 'Voices' kept coming to her exhorting her to personal goodness, and to go to the relief of France. Again and again did the girl reply, 'I know nothing of war. My life is simple; let me remain.' But as the years passed the idea gradually took shape in her mind that she was intended for some great purpose. Then came the news of the siege of Orleans, the great stronghold of the Dauphin, in the north of France. On this siege seemed to hang the destinies of her country. It was only natural that the visions and voices should now become more definite. Joan was to go and raise the siege of Orleans, conduct the Dauphin to Rheims, and crown him King of France. This was the specific mission that she ultimately undertook and accomplished. From this time she felt that the hour for action had arrived. Her 'Voices' were constantly bidding her to go. There was, however, a twofold struggle in the girl's heart—love of country and love of home. The heavenly 'Voices' bade her gird on her sword, and for the sake of her much-loved France she determined at last to follow the command.

When Joan's father realized the bent of his daughter's mind, he declared that he would sooner drown her with his own hands than that she should be found riding on horseback with soldiers. There is no doubt that her parents thought her insane, and determined that she should marry and settle down to the quiet routine of the village life. But they had reckoned without their daughter. She was in love with her country. She was wedded to France. Should she forsake it now that it lay torn and bleeding? The very thought made her shudder.

The young man to whom her parents wished her to be wedded, won by her charms, and more in love with Joan than his country, had recourse to the law courts. He declared before the judges that she had promised to marry him, and prayed the order might be given for the fulfilment of the marriage. He imagined that bashfulness would keep Joan an absentee. This girl of sixteen, however, appeared before a court crowded with people who were curious to see one whose supposed mission was to deliver France. Joan's humiliation and defeat were expected. But instead she quietly reviewed all the evidence of her quondam lover, and then cross-examined

him to his unutterable confusion and shame. Ultimately the court declared unanimously in favour of what they called this marvellous child, and thus Joan escaped from the bugbear of matrimony.

At this stage Providence opened a door. Her uncle sent for her to nurse his sick wife. Into this uncle's ear she poured her story, and to his everlasting credit he believed her. Joan turned her back upon her home with a sad heart. It was no spirit of ambition that filled her soul, but holy, enthusiastic patriotism for her bleeding country. France was written upon her heart. Above the love of friends and home rose the passion for Fatherland. She was naturally timid and modest, and would have preferred spending her life quietly in her native village among the green trees of the forest and the music of the birds. She, however, belonged to France, and the great work must be done, even if it meant the hatred of her much-loved parents. God and France called, and whatever the reception she met with, whether of ridicule or persecution, she must go. Yes! if it meant disaster! If it meant the crown of thorns! If it meant death! To the voice of God and the cry of bleeding France she responded, 'Here am I,

send me.' She left her village home, and her old mother, to see them never again in this world. She went forth to marvellous victory, but to terrible death. The final tragedy, however, lay mercifully veiled in the mists of the future.

III

Joan Meets the Dauphin

Farewell, ye mountains and ye much-loved glens,
Familiar peaceful dales, now fare ye well;
For Joan shall now no more upon you roam;
Joanna now must part from ye for ay.
Ye meads which once I watered, and ye trees
My hand did plant, bloom on in gladsome green.
Farewell, ye grottoes and ye fountain cool;
Thou echo, kindly prattle of the dale,
Which oft hast answer sent unto my lay,
Joanna now must part from ye for ay.
Ye scenes of all my tranquil joys,
I leave ye now for evermore behind.
Disperse ye, simple lambs, upon the heath,
No loving shepherdess attends ye now;
For a far other flock I now must tend,
On the red field of devastating war,
For I am summoned by the Spirits' voice,
Not earthly pride, or vain ambition's choice.
He who to Moses erst on Horeb's heights
Flaming descended in the fiery bush,
And bade him stand before great Pharaoh's face;
Who once did summon Jesse's godly son,
The shepherd boy, to be His champion;
Who ay hath gracious been to shepherd folk,
He spake to me from out this branching tree,
' Go forth, and on the earth My witness be.
In rugged brass shalt thou thy limbs enfold,
In dreadful steel array thy tender form.
Never may love of man thy heart inflame
With godless fires of earthly carnal joy;

Never shall bridal wreath thy locks adorn;
No winsome babe shall hang upon thy breast;
But I shall make thee in famed fields of war
Of mortal women most renownèd far.
For when in fight the bravest shall despair,
When France's final hour shall seem to near,
Then shalt thou wave thy oriflamme on high;
And as the reaper swiftly mows the corn,
Thy hand shall lay the haughty victor low,
Thine arm roll back his fortune's fickle wheel,
To Gallia's hero-sons deliverance bring;
And then in rescued Rheims thou'lt crown thy king.'

SCHILLER'S *Maid of Orleans.*

Where is the Dauphin? come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrained in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady Gracious, hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,
God's mother deignèd to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Willed me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity;
Her aid she promised and assured success,
In complete glory she revealed herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me,
That beauty am I blessed with which you see.

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI, Part I.*

III

JOAN MEETS THE DAUPHIN

FROM the moment Joan left home her confidence rose high. She said, 'My Voices grow still more distinct, and I shall be with the Dauphin in two months.' She persuaded her uncle to take her to see the Governor of Vaucouleurs, who refused her audience, and ridiculed the whole idea. The Governor was a rough-spun soldier typical of the times. He went so far as to advise her uncle to box her ears, and take her home. But Joan refused to be discouraged. 'He will see me,' she said, and was so persistent that at last he granted her an interview. She told him her story, and said, 'I must stand in the presence of the Dauphin before Mid-Lent, even if to reach him I should have to wear my feet through, and have to crawl to him on my knees. Despite his enemies the Dauphin shall be crowned. I will

lead him to his coronation. I would rather stay at home and spin with my mother, but God wills me do this work.' The Governor's attitude remained unchanged, but her passionate earnestness won the support of two young nobles. The Sieur de Poulengy, one of the Governor's attendants, and Jean de Novelempont, surnamed De Metz, offered to conduct her to the Dauphin. The Governor at last became perplexed in the face of Joan's persistent announcement of divine inspiration. 'Very well,' said the Governor, 'she is either a witch or a saint.' When, however, he sent for the priest to come and exorcise the devil—devil there was none. Still, he hesitated to provide her with an escort. Wearied with delays, Joan at last started on foot, accompanied by her uncle, to undertake the long journey to Chinon. She, however, speedily came to the conclusion that this was an undignified way to go, and returned to Vaucouleurs. During a further period of waiting the Duke of Lorraine sent for her, and encouraged her in her undertaking, and gave her four gold livres. At last Joan brought the Governor's hesitation to a climax. She burst into his presence crying, 'In God's name, Robert de Baudricourt, you are too slow, and you have

caused damage already thereby, for through this cause the Dauphin has lost this day a battle near to Orleans.' 'To-day, child?' said the Governor; 'it would take ten days for the news to travel here from Orleans!' 'My Voices,' declared the girl, 'have brought me word.' 'If,' said the Governor, 'it be as you say, I will supply you with an escort to the Dauphin.' In ten days came the news of the defeat of the Dauphin's forces at the battle of Herrings. The Governor immediately kept his word.

The girl's enthusiasm was beginning to affect her surroundings. People were beginning to believe in her as they always do believe in a combination of sincerity and enthusiasm. Crowds of people gathered round the house where she lodged, and uttered benedictions upon her. She was a gentle, devout, simple-minded girl, whose tender beauty and virgin innocence spread an undefinable but powerful charm around her, and this gracious, lovable child felt and supremely believed she was called of God to save France. Is it to be wondered at that hope sprang up again in many a Frenchman's heart, and that patriotism, which had been slumbering for so many years, revived when the breath of this girl's life came

upon it. From this time every part of the country she visited seemed to take fire against the national enemy.

On February 13, 1429, Joan left Vaucouleurs upon this great and historic ride to Chinon, where the Dauphin was idling away his time. The escort granted was but small, and consisted of the Sieurs De Metz and De Poulengy, with their squires, and six men-at-arms. On account of the rough work that lay before her she assumed the dress of a page. This eleven days' journey was really one of the most remarkable passages in Joan's life. The route ran across the enemy's country for nearly four hundred and fifty miles, and was wholly infested by brigands and ferocious gangs of marauders. Part of the way lay through terrible marshes, and part through trackless forests. Rough swollen rivers had to be crossed, and severe frosts had to be faced at night. But through all the dangers and difficulties the Maid, always fresh, always alert, led her party, buoyed up with the thought of her mission. Some of her companions were scarcely able to sit upon their horses, and grumbled at her rapid travelling. In addition to the difficulty of the journey, she and her party had a most remarkable escape from an

JOAN STARTS FOR CHINON.

ambuscade laid by certain members of the Dauphin's Court who wished to keep her away, lest her coming should interfere with their power. In the Trial of Rehabilitation, Jean de Novelempont, Knight, called Jean de Metz, under oath made the following interesting statement: 'I and Bertrand de Poulengy conducted the maid to the King, who was at Chinon. The journey was made at the expense of Bertrand de Poulengy and myself. We travelled for the most part at night, for fear of the Burgundians and the English, who were masters of the roads. We journeyed eleven days, always riding towards the said town of Chinon. On the way, I asked her many times if she would do all she said. "Have no fear," she answered us, "what I am commanded to do, I will do; my brothers in Paradise have told me how to act: it is four or five years since my brothers in Paradise and my Lord—that is, God—told me that I must go and fight in order to regain the kingdom of France." On the way Bertrand and I slept every night by her—Jeanne being at my side, fully dressed. She inspired me with such respect that for nothing in the world would I have dared to molest her; also never did I feel towards her—I say it on oath—

any carnal desire. On the way she always wished to hear Mass. She said to us: "If we can, we shall do well to hear Mass." But from fear of being recognized we were only able to hear it twice. I had absolute faith in her. Her words and her ardent faith in God inflamed me. I believe she was sent from God; she never swore, she loved to attend Mass, she confessed often, and was zealous in giving alms. Many times was I obliged to hand out to her the money she gave for the love of God. While we were with her, we found her always good, simple, pious, an excellent Christian, well-behaved, God-fearing. When we arrived at Chinon we presented ourselves to the King's Court and Council. I know she had there to submit to long inquiries.'

When she arrived at Chinon, she found that her reputation had preceded her. The people welcomed her as a liberator. But the feeling of the Court was against her. At this time Trémouille ruled the Dauphin, and his influence upon him and upon the fortunes of France was always baneful. He had been chamberlain to the Duke of Burgundy, the enemy of Charles; by many he was regarded as a double traitor, and he undoubtedly financed the Dauphin to his own profit.

Under all circumstances he opposed Joan, and he regarded with jealousy her influence over his victim.

Charles seemed to possess no will of his own. He knew that if Orleans fell, the whole of the French kingdom in the north would also fall, and that the moral effect would be absolutely disastrous to his cause. Yet he allowed himself to spend his days in the most frivolous manner in his gloomy Chinon Castle. Although this mysterious girl offered to do the very thing that needed doing, he repulsed her, and allowed Trémouille to mock her. In his defence it may be urged that the terrible situation which he had inherited had filled his heart with despair. Then there was the brutal report, which his enemies had circulated, and which his own mother cruelly supported, that he was illegitimate, and therefore not the true heir to the French throne. He could not, however, make Joan despair. She persistently demanded interviews. These were denied. A deputation sent to the village of Domremy reported that the girl bore an unsullied character. Then a small Commission came from the Court to demand the nature of her message. 'I have not come here to talk,' said the Maid,

'but to lead the Dauphin to Rheims, and set the crown upon his head.' At last the Dauphin sent word that he would see her. This visit has been made the subject of some fine paintings. The scene was remarkable. A peasant girl of seventeen, unable to read or write, stepped straight from a little village into the brilliancy and excitement of a royal court! Amid the plaudits of an excited crowd she proceeded to the castle. She entered the great room where the nobles and ladies of the Court were assembled. Many regarded her with curiosity, not a few with disdain. Her self-possession was perfect. Many present did not believe in her, and they were convinced that they were going to see an exposure of one whom they regarded as an insane enthusiast. But they were under a delusion. In a moment or two they were face to face with what seemed a miracle. At the far end of the room upon the throne sat one clothed like the King. This girl had never seen the King, nor had she even seen a picture of him. But as she walked towards this man she suddenly stopped. She felt that that man was not the Dauphin. The magnificent crowd gazed with wonder upon the hesitating girl. What will she do next? For a moment her hesitation con-

tinued, and then her eyes searched the crowd; the next instant she flung herself before a tall, pale, quietly-dressed young man, saying, 'God of His grace give you long life, O dear and gentle Dauphin!' 'Ah, you mistake, my child, yonder is the King,' pointing at Trémouille. 'In the name of God,' cried the girl, with tears in her eyes, and her heart full of emotion, 'it is none other than yourself! Most noble Dauphin, I am Joan the Maid! I am sent on behalf of God to aid you and your kingdom! By His command I announce to you that you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims! He willeth also that you set me my appointed work, and give me men-at-arms, for then I will raise the siege of Orleans, and break the English power!'

Taking her on one side, the Dauphin said, 'Give me a sign.' At once Joan replied, 'This morning, when you were at your secret devotions, you prayed God to give you evidence that you were the legitimate heir to the crown of France.' For a moment Charles was staggered. 'I am commissioned of heaven,' went on the Maid, 'to tell you that your birth was legitimate, and that you are the legal heir to the French crown.' From the heart of the Dauphin was lifted a great load,

and the people who had seen her select him from the crowd cried, 'It is a miracle! It is a miracle!' Whether this action of Joan's was clairvoyance, or whether she was under divine guidance, the facts given are supported by unimpeachable evidence. As to the sign she gave the King, perhaps more has been written than on any other part of her life. It was a private sign, and she invariably regarded it as a secret between herself and her king. At her trial she was examined and cross-examined upon the matter by her judges, but there was always a point beyond which she could not be persuaded to say a word. Loyalty to God and her king kept her silent. There is no doubt that the girl idealized the whole situation. To her the Supreme Ruler of France was God, and Charles was His representative. She thought God had given her the power of communicating this secret sign, and she was determined to be true to this Higher Power. At the same time she was not going to declare the method by which she had lifted from the Dauphin's mind the chief cause of his depression, lest it should become publicly known that he himself had entertained doubt as to the legality of his position. That would have been too dangerous a weapon

to place in the hands of his enemies. It is stated that the only people to whom Joan ever revealed the secret were the Dauphin's confessor and two or three of his counsellors, and these had to take a solemn oath that they would never divulge the matter.

The Maid's troubles, however, were not yet over. The theologians tried to prove from their books that she was wrong. 'There is more in God's books than in yours,' beautifully replied the girl. The clergy were suspicious that she was under the control of evil spirits, so Joan was sent to Poitiers, a university town, to be interviewed and examined by the high authorities. She was brought before a Commission consisting of all the great doctors, cardinals, and priests that could be called together. The answers of this girl to the questions these formidable persons addressed to her were remarkable. 'You say,' said a priest, 'that the King shall be crowned; well, if it be God's will, why, He will not need your help.' 'True,' answered Joan, 'it is God's will. He giveth the victory, but men must fight.' One wonders whether Garibaldi was thinking of this four hundred years later, when he said, 'My children, liberty is from God, but you must fight

for it.' Of course this is only another setting of the proverb, 'God helps those who help themselves.' Then the priest questioned her of St. Michael the Archangel, and said sarcastically, 'What language did he speak?' Unfortunately, this man was a provincial priest with a bad 'brogue.' 'He spoke such good French,' said the Maid, 'that it was even an improvement upon yours.' 'Do you believe in God?' sneered another priest. 'Yes,' burst forth the girl, 'far more than you do.' 'Joan,' said the Commissioners, 'give us a sign.' 'I did not come here,' she replied, 'to give signs; take me to Orleans, and I will give you a sign there.' At last the Commission declared that: 'Joan of Arc is a good Christian, and a good Catholic, that there is nothing in her person or her words contrary to the Faith, and that the King ought to accept the succour she offers, for to repel her would be to offend the Holy Spirit, and render the King unworthy of the aid of God.' Thus the Church set upon her its seal of approval.

The people now grew more excited and more enthusiastic. Dead France suddenly woke to life. Patriotism revived, and the people clamoured to be enlisted under her banner. Many crowded

JOAN ACCLAIMED BY THE PEOPLE.

round her wherever she went, praying her to work miracles, and bringing all sorts of things to be blessed by her touch. The girl's good sense, however, never left her. 'Touch your things yourself,' she said to an old woman, 'your touch will do as much good as mine.'

The Dauphin, after the report of the Commission had been sent to him, immediately issued a Declaration, conferring 'upon his well-beloved servant, Joan of Arc, the dignity of general-in-chief of the armies of France.' He appointed as her lieutenant and chief of staff a Prince of the Royal House. 'Consider,' said Louis Kossuth, 'this imposing and unique distinction. Since the writing of human history began Joan of Arc is the only person of either sex who has ever held the supreme command of the military forces of a nation at the age of seventeen.' She refused to accept any sword save one marked with five crosses, which, she said, was laid amidst other arms in the vault of the village church of St. Catherine. Call it what you will, the fact remains that the sword was found, and brought to her. This sword Joan carried with her on her campaigns, but she carried it simply as a symbol of authority, and never used it save upon one occasion, when

she struck a disreputable woman with the flat side of the blade. The Church gave her permission to wear male attire, and blessed her undertaking. A beautiful suit of silver-plated armour was made at Tours, and presented to her for her crusade. Her banner was also made at Tours, and was exquisitely designed according to the directions given by her 'Voices.' The device was striking. It bore the image of God enthroned in the clouds, and holding the world in His hand; two angels knelt at His feet, presenting lilies; the inscription consisted of the two words, 'Jesus, Maria'; on the reverse were two angels supporting the crown of France.

Nearly two months were occupied by her preparations. Men flocked to enlist, and money and provisions came rolling in in a marvellous fashion. France was waking up at last. She was apparently rising from the dead. From Chinon Joan proceeded to Blois, where the troops were to arrange to conduct provisions to Orleans. Her visit to the army seemed to create a new spirit. She expelled all the dissolute women from the camp. Twice a day a procession composed of herself and a body of priests and monks, bearing her holy banner, and chanting the solemn litanies of the

Church, went through the camp. The hearts of the men were stirred with new emotions of penitence, gratitude, and hope. She exhorted the soldiers to live holy lives. Every day, in the presence of the army, at a specially raised altar, the 'Maid' partook of the Holy Sacrament. The soldiers were spellbound by a subtle influence that seemed to be a combination of religion, patriotism, and loyalty to a pure girl's loveliness just budding into womanhood.

One of her greatest generals, named La Hire, was admonished by the Maid to give up swearing. La Hire was astounded at the request, for in this direction he regarded himself as especially talented. It is said that 'he always swore in paragraphs.' But the great animal at last promised to swear only by his baton. Joan tried to teach him to pray, and, according to Michelet, after many attempts succeeded in getting him to pray the historic prayer, 'Sir God, I pray Thee to do as much for La Hire as La Hire would do for Thee, if Thou wert La Hire and La Hire were God.'

The awakening of patriotism brought again into the army cohesion and unity. Some one says it was as though the Virgin mother of their

Saviour, so dear to the imagination of the Middle Ages, had come down upon earth, and assumed the guise of a lovely, tender, young, but courageous woman. When all was ready the march on Orleans began.

IV

Besieged Orleans

Another circumstance made me think these deeds were the work of God. I wished to go towards the army which had turned back on Blois, and which was marching to the relief of Orleans; Jeanne would not wait for them nor consent that I should go to meet them. She wished to summon the English to raise the siege at once on pain of being themselves attacked. She did in fact summon them by a letter which she wrote to them in French, in which she told them, in very simple terms, that they were to retire from the siege and return to England, or else she would bring against them a great attack, which would force them to retreat. Her letter was sent to Lord Talbot. From that hour the English—who, up to that time, could, I affirm, with two hundred of their men, have put to rout 800 or 1,000 of ours—were unable, with all their power, to resist 400 or 500 French; they had to be driven into their forts where they took refuge, and from whence they dared not come forth.

—Dunois, *Trial of Rehabilitation.*

IV

BESIEGED ORLEANS

THE raising of the siege of Orleans is ranked among the 'Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.' Andrew Lang calls it the Moscow campaign of the English in France. It was undoubtedly the commencement of the overthrow of the English power in France, and the beginning of the end of the Hundred Years War. The position of the city was one of great strategic value. It commanded the Loire, and this river was the boundary between the Burgundian and the Armagnac interests and influence. The vigorous administration of the Duke of Bedford had brought nearly every place in the north of France under English authority save Orleans, and for that authority to be completed the conquest of this city was essential. Its fall would spell absolute disaster for the Dauphin's interests. An English force dispatched by Bedford to reduce the city was defeated by the French under the capable

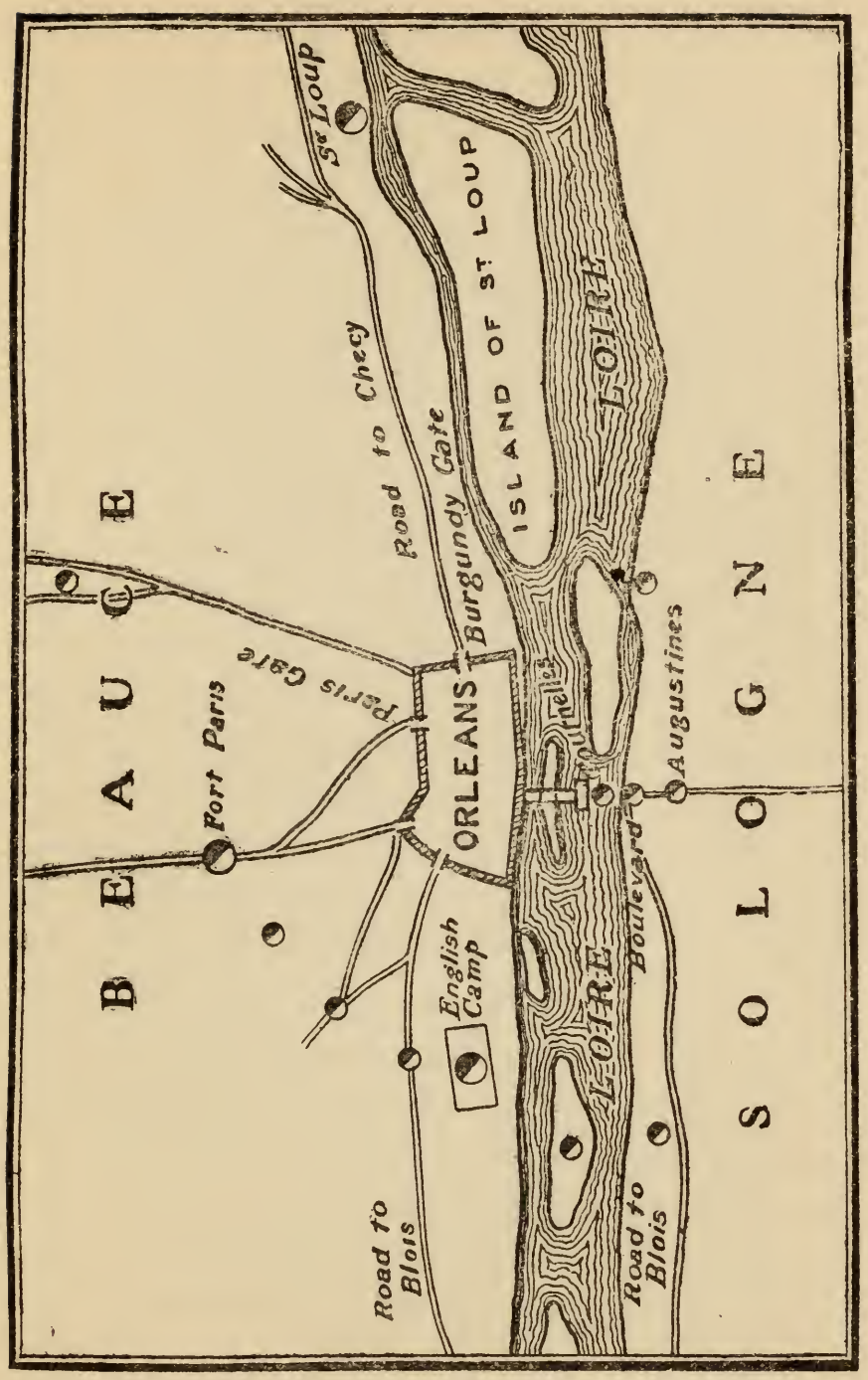
leadership of Dunois, the far-famed Bastard of Orleans. This man, who was destined to take a considerable part in the Maid's military movements, was the son of the Duke of Orleans, a prisoner at this time in the Tower of London, and cousin to the Dauphin. The English Parliament, annoyed at the defeat, voted a considerable sum of money, and dispatched, under the Earl of Salisbury, the most capable of the English generals, a well-equipped force of 6,000 men-at-arms and archers upon an expedition to reduce the city. Upon reaching France they were joined by the distinguished soldiers, the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Talbot, and Lord Scales, who brought from the English garrisons in Normandy an additional 4,000 men. Great severity marked the movements of this army. The unfortunate inhabitants of Nogent le Roi could offer little resistance and less ransom, and were hanged almost to a man. By way of variety the people of Janville were cut to pieces. After this, so hasty were other places to make submission that Orleans was reached with little difficulty, and on October 12, 1428, began this remarkable siege.

Orleans may be described roughly as a quadrilateral. One side ran parallel with the Loire for

a distance of one thousand metres, and the opposite side was upwards of five hundred metres. A bridge of seventeen arches led over the river, and the road over the bridge ran through fertile orchards, till it reached a great forest. The centre of the bridge rested upon a small island in the river, and at the head of the bridge farthest from the city was a strong fortress called Les Tournelles, which the people of Orleans, upon the approach of the English, surrounded by a boulevard of entrenchments and fortifications. The English at once attacked this new work, and after severe fighting were repulsed. Lord Salisbury then proceeded to undermine the place, and so successful was he that in a short time the French forsook these important outworks, and retired into the Tournelles. They broke down the bridge communicating between themselves and the city, and used, as was needed, a movable platform. Salisbury, however, was not to be denied. Taking an opportunity when the water of the river was low, he delivered a terrific attack upon the Tournelles, and after some very fierce fighting the English became masters of the situation. Guns were erected, and the gunners commenced to make practice upon the buildings of the city with

twenty-four pound cannon balls. Gradually despondency fell upon the people. Provisions began to run short, and the reinforcements that the Dauphin had promised failed to arrive. Two things cheered them in their adversity. A child climbed up on to the ramparts of the city, and seeing a cannon loaded, mischievously fired it. The shot struck the Tournelles, and a fragment of stone so severely wounded the Earl of Salisbury that he died eight days afterwards. It was a great loss to England, for this general was regarded as the most brilliant of his day. The enterprising Dunois also succeeded in passing the English fortifications with a company of seven hundred men. The people of Orleans gave them a great welcome, but after all it meant a larger number of mouths to feed, and that the city could ill afford. At this time the population numbered 30,000 civilians, with a garrison of 7,000 soldiers. The besieging force amounted to about 10,000 English, Scots, and Burgundians.

After the death of the Earl of Salisbury, the Duke of Bedford appointed the Earl of Suffolk to the chief command. As far as his means would permit he pushed forward arrangements for making the siege closer. On December 29 he


BEAUCE
SOLOGNE
Fort Paris
Paris Gate
Road to Checy
Burgundy Gate
ORLEANS
St Loup
ISLAND OF ST LOUP
LOIRE
Augustines
Boulevard
Road to Blois
English Camp
Road to Blois
LOIRE

commenced to erect, north and south of the river, about a dozen strong Bastilles to guard the approaches to the city. Owing to want of men and means he was not able to complete a circle of these forts, so that access might still be gained to the city, though at considerable risk.

It cannot be said that the Earl of Suffolk did much to reduce the city beyond the erection of these forts. A considerable amount of desultory sniping went on, of which perhaps the English had the worst. The celebrated French gunner, Maitre Jean, met with fair success, for his shooting proved fatal to a number of the English, including the distinguished Lord Grey. It must also be acknowledged that the Orleanais attempted very little against their enemies. The English, to amuse themselves, used to come out of their fortifications and shout 'Hurrah.' This had a paralysing effect, putting the city, in fact, into a most terrible state of alarm. Even Dunois admits that the fear of the enemy was upon his soldiers to such an extent that a body of English soldiers was equal to double the number of his own.

A scheme of relief was inaugurated by the Dauphin's Council. The first thing decided upon was to intercept a large convoy of food that was

on its way from Paris for the use of the English army during Lent. A detachment of five hundred lances managed to get out of Orleans, and swelled the force that was about to attack the baggage train to about 5,000. The French army was under the generalship of De Clermont and the alert Dunois. The English force was outnumbered three to one, but Sir John Fastolfe, who was regarded as the most brilliant war captain of the time, entirely out-manœuvred De Clermont, and despite the bravery of Dunois and La Hire, the French were hopelessly beaten. There is no doubt that De Clermont, when he saw things going against him, played the coward and actually deserted the field of battle, leaving behind him upwards of a thousand dead and wounded soldiers. The encounter has been called the Battle of Herrings because of the shattering of the barrels of salt fish that were being conveyed to the English for their Lenten fare.

After this defeat despair settled more deeply upon Orleans. The food supplies grew shorter and shorter, and hunger is ever a fruitful source of despair. The people began to fear that no relief was to be expected from the Dauphin, for whose cause they were suffering. A desire

developed to shake themselves free from all parties, and occupy a neutral position. A Commission was sent to the Duke of Burgundy with the object of accomplishing this purpose. They did not wish to become English, but were prepared to place themselves in the hands of the Duke of Burgundy for him to negotiate the matter. The Duke accepted the situation, and approached the Duke of Bedford. Bedford's attitude, however, was very definite. He said the English were not working and fighting for some one else to take the profit. Speedily Orleans would fall, and he intended that the city should pay the entire cost of the siege. The Duke of Burgundy was so enraged with the abrupt treatment he received from Bedford, that he at once withdrew all his soldiers, amounting to fifteen hundred men, from the besieging forces. The English replied by building another fort on the Loire, that of St. Loup. They also turned an old monastery (Les Augustines) into a strong fortification to protect approaches to the Tournelles, and in many ways drew the lines tighter around what appeared to be the doomed city.

A new factor, however, appeared in the situation. Hope began to revive among the Orleanais.

A rumour had filtered through to the city of a girl who had been 'called of Heaven' to save France. This gleam of light inspired the people with fresh courage. Presently a feverish impatience took hold upon them to see this 'Maid,' that general rumour reported to be 'inspired.' They felt that only a miracle could save them, and this news seemed to be the indication of the miraculous. The English had also heard the rumour, but they treated the whole matter with scornful laughter. This was turned to deep anger when the Maid sent a letter to the English camp, which may be roughly transcribed as follows:

JESUS MARIA.

King of England, and you, Duke of Bedford, who style yourself Regent of France, you, William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, John de Talbot, and you Thomas Lord Scales, you, who call yourselves lieutenants of the aforesaid Bedford, do right to the King of Heaven! Render to the maid who is sent by God the keys of the towns you have captured and violated in France. She has come from God to restore the King, and to make peace, if you will give up France and pay for what you have taken. And you archers, soldiers, noble or otherwise, who are before Orleans, get you gone in God's name to your own country, or you may expect that the maid will shortly strike you to your great hurt. If you do not do this, King of England, wherever I meet your people I will drive them out, if they obey not I will slay

them. If they obey I will have mercy upon them. I am come hither, sent by the King of Heaven, to drive you out of France in spite of workers of mischief, and treason against the kingdom. Do not think you shall hold the kingdom of France—no, by God! the King of Heaven! Son of the Holy Name! the true heir Charles shall hold it, for so God wills, and He has revealed it to the maid. If you will not believe this, we will strike you in whatever place we find you, and will make so great a noise as has not been heard in France for a thousand years. Be assured that God can send more strength to the maid than you can bring to attack her, and we shall then see on which side is the better right, the King of Heaven's or yours.

You, Duke of Bedford, the maid prays, and requires of you that you will not make her destroy you. If you do right you may go in their company where the French shall perform the finest deed ever done in Christendom; if you do not you shall be reminded of the ills you have done.

The English captains were so angry that they were disposed to burn the herald who brought the letter, but reprisal being threatened upon some prisoners the French held, they thought better of the matter. There is no doubt whatever that the coming of the Maid created a new atmosphere in the military situation, both among the besieged and the besiegers.

V

Joan Raises the Siege of Orleans

Say to the Princes who have sent you forth :—
O King of England, and ye haughty Dukes,
Bedford and Gloster, Regents of his realm,
Give reckoning unto the King of Heaven
For all the guiltless blood that ye have shed,
Give back to us the keys of all the towns
Which ye have wrung from us 'gainst right divine,
The Maiden comes, sent forth by Heaven's King,
To proffer to you peace or deadly war.
Choose which you will; but this I tell you plain,
Fair France hath never been decreed to you
By Mary's Son Divine; for Charles the Seventh,
My liege and Dauphin, chosen of the Lord,
Shall enter Paris as its rightful King,
Accompanied by all his noble peers.
Now go, Sir Herald, get you quickly gone,
For ere you may attain the hostile camp,
And bring your tidings, is the Maiden there,
To plant on Orleans her conquering flag.

Schiller, *Maid of Orleans.*

V

JOAN RAISES THE SIEGE OF ORLEANS

THE march on Orleans began. On April 28 the Maid's forces arrived opposite the city, on the south bank of the Loire. To her annoyance and deep anger, Joan found that her generals had not treated her frankly, and had conducted her along the southern route, while she had intended taking the northern. She had intended to force her way through the line of fortresses which the English had erected on the northern side. It is quite probable that she had assured herself that this could be done without serious loss, and, as we shall see, she was right. It is also probable that she expected the moral effect upon the people of Orleans of such an approach would prove beneficial. Joan found that she had been led to a point on the river bank opposite Chiocy, and two miles above Orleans. It is fairly easy to see the

scheme in the minds of her generals. Joan proposed to enter by the front door, their idea was to enter at the back. It was certainly the least protected side of the city, for there was only the St. Loup Bastille to offer opposition.

The Maid, however, was greatly indignant, and upon Dunois making his appearance from Orleans she demanded to know whether it was by his advice her wishes had been disobeyed. He admitted that he, with others, had thought it the wiser course.

'In God's name,' said Joan, 'my Lord's counsel is safer than yours. You thought to have deceived me, and you have deceived yourselves. I bring you God's help, not for love of me, but by God's pleasure. In answer to the prayers of St. Louis and St. Charlemagne He has had pity on Orleans. He will not suffer the enemy to have the Duke and the City. The provisions to save the starving people are here; the boats are below the city, and this strong wind is contrary.'

Dunois bears witness that what happened appeared to be miraculous, for the wind suddenly changed, and the boats arriving from Orleans were enabled to carry the convoy across the river. After much persuasion on the part of Dunois, Joan,

who was unwilling to leave her troops, agreed to accompany him back to the city. Embarking with two hundred of her soldiers, she crossed to Chiocy, avoided the guns of St. Loup, and entered the besieged town by the Burgundy gate amid a scene of extraordinary excitement. The main army had to retrace its steps as far as Blois, and return on the north side of the river. Orleans was transformed. All help had been despaired of, the food was nearly done, and the inhabitants knew that with the fall of their city France would pass into the hands of the English. They had heard rumours of this 'Maid,' and now she was actually in their midst. A great wave of devotion and love swept over these people, and in the rebound from despair, all felt prepared to become heroes for this girl and for their country. They flocked to see her, and to touch the hem of her dress. The church bells were rung in all the steeples, and all the churches resounded with Te Deums. There was one mighty outburst of thanksgiving.

The day following her arrival in the city Joan sent to the English generals a further demand for an immediate retirement from not only Orleans, but France itself! It is stated that the blasphemy of the English generals, when the order was

received, has never yet been printed, and probably it never could be. The Maid followed this up on the following day by having a similar message shot into another part of the English camp by an archer. Then she herself approached the Tournelles, and from the edge of the broken bridge advised the officers to forsake their undertaking. Her words were flung back at her by Sir William Glansdale, accompanied by the most opprobrious and disgraceful terms that could be used to a pure-minded girl. Joan burst into tears, and while she declared that the English would soon be driven away, she also said that this man, who had tried to besmirch her reputation, should not live to see it. It was a true prophecy.

Five days after her advent the army, having retraced its steps, approached the city. With a considerable escort, Joan went to meet it, and accompanied it back with all the pomp of a religious ceremony. The English soldiers were suddenly overwhelmed with awe, and while they could have enfiladed the army, let it pass with all its baggage, without firing a single shot. It was a remarkable incident of the campaign.

After returning to the city the Maid rested to recover from the fatigue of the march. Suddenly

TRIUMPHANT ENTRY OF JOAN OF ARC INTO ORLEANS.

she awoke, and called for her armour. 'French blood is flowing,' she cried, 'give me my arms.' 'But there is no sound of war,' was the reply. 'You will hear the sound in a moment,' she exclaimed, and was gone. What had happened was strange and interesting. Some of the Orleans soldiers had felt so elated now that the Maid had come, that a small party had ventured forth from the Burgundy gate to attack some English soldiers who belonged to the St. Loup Bastille. They, however, received so warm a reception that they found themselves in a very awkward predicament. The Maid met several wounded soldiers on her way. 'Ah,' she said, 'I never see a Frenchman's blood but what my hair stands on end.' The effect of her presence was electrical. 'The Maid! The Maid!' cried the retreating Frenchmen. Then recovering their courage, they surged forward like a flood, sweeping the English before them. The bulk of the fleeing soldiers got safely into their fortress. The maid suddenly determined that this was the time to take it. 'Nonsense,' said some of her generals. Dunois, however, appeared on the scene, and supported her. The soldiers were mad to follow her, and follow her they did. She created an atmosphere

in which men became heroic. Talbot, brave soldier though he was, could not check it. The French followed her in one overwhelming charge, and, astounding as it seems, in a very brief space of time the great Bastille was stormed and captured. St. Loup, to the bitter chagrin and deep anger of the English, was in the hands of Joan, and Orleans was practically free on that side. The girl's grief broke out in bitter sobs when she saw the dead and dying. The sight of suffering always touched her heart. She naturally wished to follow up her victory, but her generals hampered her and plotted against her. There were plenty of victuals now, they argued; the best thing to do was to tire the English out. 'In the name of God,' exclaimed the Maid, 'they shall go in three days.' There is no doubt her generals did not believe her.

The following day was Ascension Day, and the greater part of the time was devoted to religious observances. Instead of allowing her soldiers to continue their fighting, they filled the churches. All the military men were ordered to confession, and the fear of being prevented from fighting in the ranks of the Maid procured a wonderful obedience. Joan was trying to create a religious

army. It was part of her scheme, for whatever her feeling for the Dauphin, behind him was God, the Supreme Ruler of the nation. Her attitude to the army was not greatly unlike that of Cromwell to his Ironsides and the Puritan movement.

The afternoon of this day she had another message shot into the Tournelles fortification, which was received, says Lang, with cries from the soldiers, 'News from the harlot of the Armagnacs.' A military council was also held the same afternoon from which she was excluded. The generals determined to make a feint attack upon the more northern fortresses, and thus induce the English to withdraw part of the guard from the Augustine fort, which was to be the real place of attack. Joan was simply informed of the feint attack, and would not have known the real object had not Dunois generously informed her. Naturally she was angry, and refused to have anything to do with the false attack, but determined to concentrate on the movement against the Augustines Bastille.

On Friday, May 6, soon after daybreak, the Maid left the Burgundy gate, accompanied by crowds of soldiers and citizens. She crossed the river, and by a bridge of boats speedily had her

fighting men with her. When she had got her men across, a panic seems to have taken place among a number of her followers, which was only stopped by Joan placing herself at the head of some of her horsemen, and charging down upon the English. The infantry rallied, and the attack upon the fort began. For some time the fighting was exceedingly fierce. The narrow gateway to the fortress was kept by a gigantic Englishman, who inflicted great damage upon those who attacked him, and it was not until the celebrated gunner, Maitre Jean, had brought him down with a skilful shot that the way into the fortress was cleared. For a space the struggle was intense, but at last into the fort poured the French, exultant and triumphant. The tables were indeed turned, for fear of this girl seemed suddenly to possess the English, and those who could escape raced away to the protection of the Tournelles. The Bastille of Les Augustines was in the hands of the Maid! She was received back into the city with one delirious cry of joy and thanksgiving. In this undertaking she was slightly wounded in her foot, for she had been in the thick of the fighting. She, however, made light of it, and retired early to rest, for, she said, 'to-morrow I shall have

much work to do, but I shall be wounded in my breast.' It is interesting to note that Joan predicted the wound to herself as far back as April 22. The prediction was on record at that date. Andrew Lang quotes from Quicherat, a free-thinker, that her knowledge of the King's secret, her foreknowledge of the arrow wound at Orleans, and her discovery of the buried sword at Fierbois, 'rests on bases of evidence so solid that we cannot reject them without rejecting the whole foundation of history.' 'I have no conclusion to draw,' he says. 'Whether science can find her account in the facts or not, the visions must be admitted, and the strange spiritual perceptions that issued from the visions. These peculiarities in the life of Jeanne seem to pass beyond the circle of human power.'

The following morning she arose early, and went to confession. Several efforts were made to keep her in the city. 'Stay,' said her host, 'and eat a shadfish with me.' 'No,' she replied, 'I shall return by way of the bridge, and shall bring with me "a goddam" to help me eat it.' All attempts to detain her were useless, and at last the generals got the better of their ill-will, and decided to give her their support. To her work,

therefore, she went again, followed by a still more enthusiastic crowd of fighters.

The day's task was to be no easy one. The Maid herself realized that it was the hardest piece of work she had so far faced. It had cost the English much to capture the Tournelles, and as they had greatly strengthened the defences it might cost the French much more to take it. The forces were soon across the river, and the attack on the boulevard surrounding the fort quickly commenced. A large number of scaling-ladders had been brought, and were soon placed in position. By ten o'clock in the morning the attack had well developed, but the situation proved more difficult than the Maid had anticipated. The French were flung back into the fosse again and again, and the English archers were deadly in their accuracy. The attack at last began to weaken, the men grew tired in their grim work, but the Maid herself rushed to the very front, and commenced to mount one of the ladders. To the dismay of her followers an arrow struck her in the shoulder, and she fell from the ladder rather badly wounded. The English made a desperate effort to capture her, and had it not been for the intrepid bravery of some of her followers she

would have been made a prisoner. She, however, managed to retire, and after considerable trouble the arrow was taken from her shoulder, and the wound dressed. For some time the girl was out of action, and during that period things went badly for the French. Returning to the fight at last, she stood under her banner encouraging the men in their attack. No progress was made, for the place seemed impregnable. At last Dunois, as the sun was setting, sounded the retreat, for he felt that success that day was impossible. The English Talbot from another of the Bastilles heard the retreat sounded, and thought the battle was over for the day. But the battle was not over. Joan went to Dunois, and begged him to wait a short time longer. Passing into a neighbouring orchard she spent a few moments in private prayer. Upon returning to the scene of action she found that her squire had left her banner in the hands of another soldier, a Basque. The Maid seized the banner, and the soldier, apparently not willing to relinquish it, a slight struggle ensued which so shook it that the French regarded it as a rallying signal for another attack. She at once grasped the situation, and cried, 'When my banner touches the wall the place is ours.' A moment or two

after the sacred banner was carried forward, and floated against the fortifications, and the French made a supreme and most heroic attack. Whether it was fear of the 'witch,' whether it was tiredness, or whether their ammunition was exhausted, in the face of this onslaught the English hesitated. In another moment the French were in the boulevard, and after a short, hot fight, the English were racing for their lives to cross the drawbridge to get into the safety and protection of the Tournelles.

But something else was happening. The Orleans people had sent a fire-ship, and had fixed it under the drawbridge, and by the time the fleeing soldiers wanted to avail themselves of it the bridge was well alight. It collapsed under their very feet, and even Sir William Glasdale, the English captain who had called Joan such foul names, fell headlong into the water. 'You have befouled my name badly,' cried the girl, 'but I have a great pity for your soul.' The Orleanais had gone still further. They had managed, while the garrison of the Tournelles had been engaged on the boulevard, to fling a plank across the broken bridge which led from Orleans to the fort, and across this plank in single file went a line of

JOAN LEADING ON THE SOLDIERS TO VICTORY.

brave soldiers carrying their lives in their hands. Thus those of the English soldiers who succeeded in reaching the Bastille were again face to face with the foe. In the passages of the Tournelles there was sharp and terrible fighting, but when it was over the English were all slain, drowned, or prisoners.

Joan's eyes filled with tears as she looked upon the dead and dying, but her heart was full of thanksgiving. The fight had been very fierce, but she had won a great victory. Its importance can scarcely be calculated. The tide of the Hundred Years War began to roll back; the overthrow of the English power in France had begun. The vital character of the victory can be seen in the effect it produced upon Talbot, for the next day, hot with anger and chagrin, he withdrew his forces from the other Bastilles and retired in good order.

Thus Joan raised the siege of Orleans. For ten months it had been besieged by generals and soldiers who for many years had known scarcely anything but victory, yet in nine days, five of which she had been compelled to spend in idleness through the unwise policy of her generals, Joan had relieved the city and crushed the English

at Orleans. When she returned across the narrow plank bridge to the city the people went mad over her. Special services of thanksgiving were celebrated in all the churches, and the bells rang out in one great peal of exultation. France once more was alive! There is no doubt both parties looked upon her with superstitious awe. Her own people regarded her as raised up by God to work out deliverance for them, and the English looked upon her as sent by the evil one for their undoing. She was a witch, and to be treated as such if she ever fell into their hands. Her success had moved even the Duke of Burgundy to wonder, and after his discourteous treatment by the English authorities he regarded her victory with a considerable amount of complacency. As for the Maid, she took a few days' well-earned rest to recover from the exhaustion of her great effort and her wound.

> Who shall command me halt, or who restrain
> The Holy Spirit which doth urge me on?
> The death-bolt can but strike its destined work;
> Where perils threaten Joan must surely be.
> 'Tis not decreed that I shall fall this day;
> First must I see my Sovereign duly crowned;
> No foe may close my consecrated life
> Till I fulfil my God-appointed task.
>
> SCHILLER'S *Maid of Orleans.*

VI

Joan's Triumphal March, and the Crowning of the King

The morn was fair
When Rheims re-echoed to the busy hum
Of multitudes, for high solemnity
Assembled. To the holy fabric moves
The long procession, through the streets bestrewn
With flowers and laurel boughs. The courtier throng
Were there, and they in Orleans who endured
The siege right bravely; Gancourt, and La Hire,
The gallant Xaintrailles, Boussac, and Chabannes,
La Fayette, name that freedom still shall love,
Alençon, and the bravest of the brave,
The Bastard Orléans, now in hope elate,
Soon to release from hard captivity
A dear belovèd brother; gallant men,
And worthy of eternal memory,
For they, in the most perilous times of France,
Despaired not of their country. By the King
The delegated damsel passed along,
Clad in her battered arms. She bore on high
Her hallowed banner to the sacred pile,
And fixed it on the altar, whilst her hand
Poured on the monarch's head the mystic oil,
Wafted of yore by milk-white dove from Heaven

(So legend says) to Clovis when he stood
At Rheims for baptism . . . .
The missioned Maid
Then placed on Charles's brow the crown of France,
And back retiring, gazed upon the King
One moment, quickly scanning all the past,
Till in a tumult of wild wonderment
She wept aloud. The assembled multitude
In awful stillness witnessed : then at once,
As with a tempest-rushing noise of winds
Lifted their mingled clamours.
Thus the Maid
Redeemed her country. Now may the All Just
Give to the arms of Freedom such success.

SOUTHEY'S *Joan of Arc.*

VI

JOAN'S TRIUMPHAL MARCH, AND THE CROWNING OF THE KING

After a brief rest Joan proceeded to Tours, where the Dauphin was. He was more than elated when he saw her, and burst out, 'What can I do for you?' 'The only thing you can do for me,' she replied, 'is to make use of me, for I shall only last one year. Give me one reward, march with me to Rheims and receive your crown.' 'You have conquered,' exclaimed Charles; 'it shall be as you wish.'

Joan knew that the English had made one mistake. Although they had proclaimed the English prince as King of France, no coronation ceremony had as yet taken place. If she could secure the coronation of the French heir, the Dauphin Charles, first, his power and influence would be immeasurably increased. Therefore she cried earnestly, 'Use me. The time is short! The moments are flying! Use me, for it is life or

death to France. I shall only last one short year!' One would have thought that Charles would have been only too anxious to do what she wished. But the days passed, and under the evil influence of Trémouille he did nothing. Then the army began to dwindle away, and its zeal evaporated. Unable to bear this foolish policy any longer, Joan burst upon the Council, declaring that her 'Voices' commanded her to conduct the King to Rheims. The Dauphin promised at last that when the English were cleared out from the positions which they held on the Loire he would accompany her. Once more enthusiasm won the day.

By June 6 she had gathered an army of upwards of 7,000 men. The Dauphin placed the Duc d'Alencon in charge of the military arrangements. The Duke's young wife wished her husband to remain at home, but Joan assured her that she would bring him back in safety. This army moved out of Orleans to make an attack upon the town of Jargeau, which was held by the Duke of Suffolk. The Maid accompanied it mounted on her black charger, armed in her silver armour. Thus opened the celebrated Loire campaign.

The army reached its destination on June 11, but it was only to receive a very warm reception. Frenchmen were still nervous of the English soldier; but the presence of the Maid, and her banner wherever the fighting was fiercest, restored confidence. For a few days a certain amount of haphazard fighting took place, during which D'Alencon's life was saved by Joan advising him to move from a certain position where he was exposed to the English firing. The next moment, says D'Alencon, a cannon-ball struck the spot. The Duke of Suffolk was called upon to surrender the town, and he replied that he would if not relieved in fifteen days. This arrangement was not accepted, and a fierce attack took place upon the city. A breach was made in the walls, through which Joan herself led her fighting men. After considerable resistance the English gave way, and fled in utter defeat, leaving behind a thousand dead, and Suffolk himself a captive in the hands of the enemy. For the first time for many a long year the French had the pleasure of looting a captured city.

Orleans gave the victors a great reception upon their return. Refusing to take any rest, on June 15 the Maid attacked a strongly fortified position

at Meun, and after much heavy fighting the English retired. On June 16 Joan marched on Beaugency, and after further severe fighting the English retreated, leaving the town and castle in her hands. In these engagements Joan had to assert her authority again and again against the plotting and opposition of her generals. They resented being managed and directed by 'this child.' They could not understand the new principle she introduced into warfare. The old war game had been to starve opponents to death. Her principle was immediate and irresistible attack. It was certainly more merciful, and as a rule much more successful.

After the capture of Beaugency she met Arthur de Richemont, the Constable of France, who brought his forces to aid the cause of the Dauphin. The Constable was a brave man, and at heart devoted to the cause of France; but because he denounced Trémouille, Charles was so angry that he refused to accept his offer of service. Part of Joan's best work was the reconciliation between these two, which she undoubtedly helped to bring about. It was a service which ultimately was of great advantage in the work of consolidating the French kingdom.

She also made overtures to Burgundy, and besought him earnestly 'not to fight against the holy kingdom of France, against the Lord Jesus, King of Heaven and of the whole world.' Shakespeare puts an interesting and dramatic speech into Joan's mouth with reference to this matter:

Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities, and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!
O, turn thy edgèd sword another way:
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stainèd spots.

Burgundy, however, was playing a deep game, and, despite the appeal of Joan, wasted the time spent in the negotiations and retired to Paris.

After the fighting at Beaugency the English were joined by Sir John Fastolf, whose reinforcements considerably strengthened Talbot's forces, and put fresh heart into them. News was brought into the French camp that the English were approaching to attack, and still so great was the

fear of the foe that many of Joan's followers wished to retreat. 'Would you turn your backs?' she exclaimed. 'Were they hanging from the clouds we should have them, for God has delivered them into our hands.' The important battle of Patay was fought on June 18. The armies missed each other in the wood amid the mists of the early morning. It was owing to the English disturbing a stag and giving the sporting halloa that La Hire discovered them. The battle speedily developed, and the fighting for some time was very fierce. Presently the English discovered the Maid's presence on the field of battle. A nervous superstitious fear developed, and deprived them of all resisting power. Fastolf fled from the field, and Talbot, refusing to play the coward, was captured. In all directions the frightened soldiers ignominiously fled, leaving at least two thousand slain upon the field of battle. This sight so disturbed the girl that she was plunged into a flood of bitter tears. She wept still more at the brutality of one of her own soldiers towards two prisoners who were unable to offer any ransom. He smote one so cruelly that he fell mortally wounded. The Maid, unable to control herself, got down from her horse, and

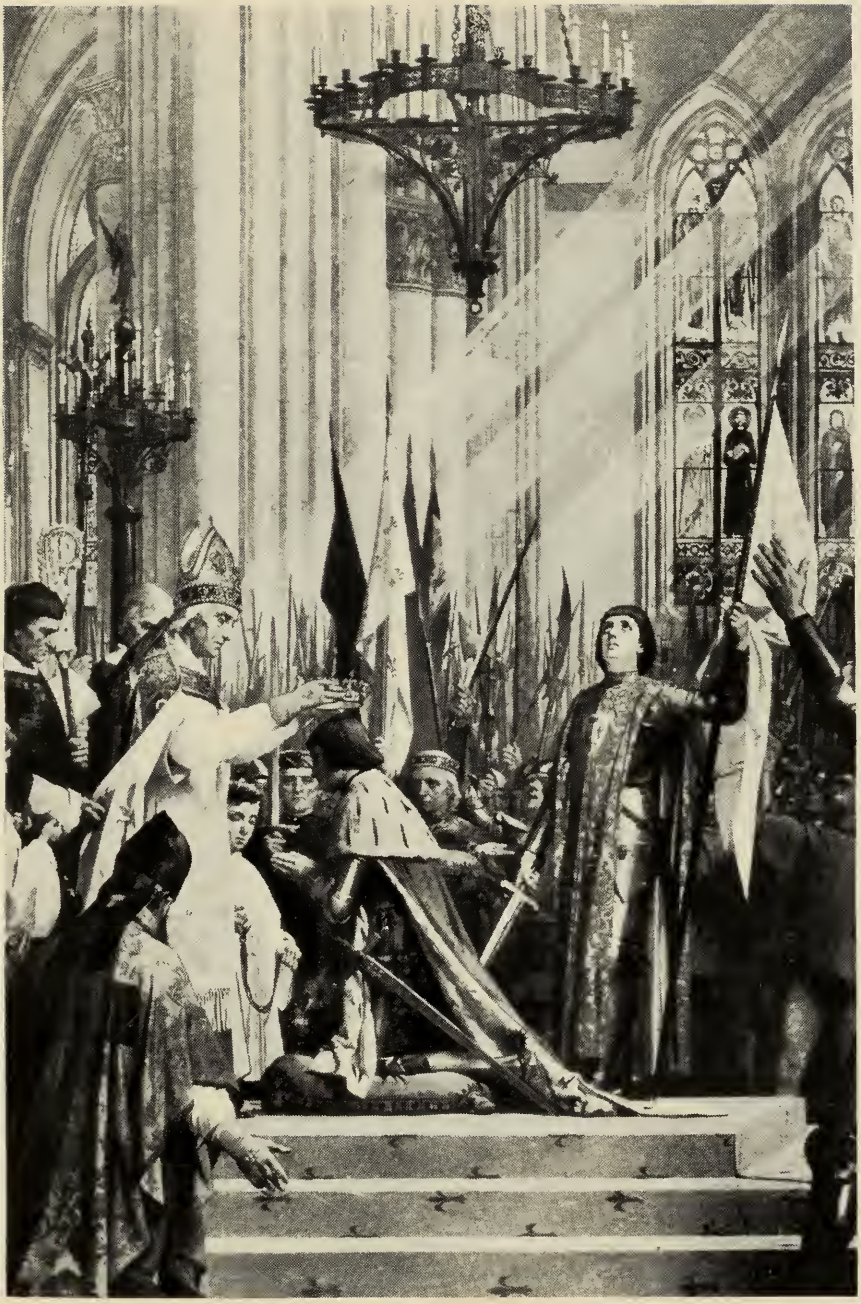
raised between her hands the head of the dying soldier. She summoned a priest, and herself remained a ministering angel to soothe the dying man until his spirit passed away. The English felt that the influence of this battle upon their interests was disastrous. 'This limb of Satan,' they declared, 'was too much for them,' and they swore to do terrible things to her should she ever fall into their hands.

Fastolf was charged with cowardice in connexion with this battle, and the Order of the Garter was taken from him. Shakespeare gives us a very graphic picture of Talbot tearing the garter from his leg in the presence of the King and exclaiming:

> I vowed, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
> To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
> (Which I have done) because unworthily
> Thou wast installed in that high degree.
> Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
> This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
> When but in all I was six thousand strong,
> And that the French were almost ten to one—
> Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
> Like to a trusty squire, did run away;
> In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
> Myself, and divers gentlemen besides,
> Were there surprised, and taken prisoners.
> Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
> Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
> This ornament of knighthood.

The garter was afterwards returned to him, and if his report of the situation is to be accepted, the blame of the defeat ought to rest upon Talbot for refusing advice which would have led to the defeat of the French.

The way to Rheims was now open, and Charles, after much pressure, at last agreed to accompany the Maid. On June 20 this celebrated journey began. It was Joan's triumphant march! The people flocked from the provinces, and lined the roadway. As she passed along in her silver armour on her black steed, they fell upon their knees, saluted her as the deliverer of her country and as an inspired Saint of God. Strong men bowed their heads, swept by a wave of emotion; mothers held up their children to look upon the face of the heroic girl as she swept forward upon the great errand of working out the nation's deliverance. Everybody now seemed anxious for the coronation which a few months ago seemed so hopeless. Cities and towns on the way yielded, and offered their loyal service to the Dauphin. Greater and greater grew the procession of soldiers and enthusiastic people. At last the city of Troyes, where the Treaty had been made which gave the French crown to the English prince, was reached.



THE CORONATION OF CHARLES VII AT RHEIMS.

As the people of this city prepared to offer great resistance, some of the fainthearted among the Maid's force wished to retire. 'Retire,' said Joan, 'my Voices declare that in two days the city shall be ours.' And in two days the city was stormed and taken, the Maid herself leading the attacks. Again the army marched forward. Chalons yielded on the first demand made to it by the conquerors.

At last upon the distant horizon the royal city of Rheims burst upon their delighted sight. The soldiers went almost mad with joy. They had brought their King to the city where all the monarchs of France came to be crowned, and they felt certain that in a little while the crown of France would be placed upon the brow of their own Dauphin, and that he would stand before the kingdom as the legal and properly authenticated monarch of their country. The English captain who commanded the city wished the people to wait six weeks for English help to resist the approaching enemy. 'No,' they cried, 'our King has come; let us receive him.'

Amid a scene of indescribable excitement, waving of flags, firing of cannon, ringing of church bells, enthusiastic shoutings, the great pro-

cession, headed by the Dauphin and Joan, swept into the city. All eyes were for the Maid more than for the prince, for was she not the deliverer commissioned by Heaven to rescue a suffering and an oppressed land? And had she not done it? Triumphant, victorious joy was everywhere, and Joan's joy was as great as the people's. And her joy was not lessened when in the midst of the great crowd of applauding spectators she saw her old father and uncle from far-away Domremy. In a moment she was off her horse, her arms were round her father's neck, and she was crying tears of joy, and asking him to give her her dear old mother's kisses. There is something about this girl that baffles language. She is so great, so simple, so beautiful, that words are too poor to describe her.

On July 16, the Sunday following the triumphal entrance into Rheims, the King was crowned in the Cathedral. Amid the greatest possible excitement and the intensest joy, he was anointed with the holy oil that a dove is supposed to have brought from heaven to anoint Clovis, one of the earlier kings of France. What was apparently impossible had through this peasant girl become an actual fact. The King and the nation were

astounded. Joan herself sank upon her knees in the cathedral, overcome with joy. 'What can I do for you?' cried the delighted King. 'Do for me?' answered the girl. 'I want nothing. I want to go home, for my work is done. I want to go and take care of my poor old mother. She is very poor, and very old, and she hath great need of me.' Joan had no longing for wealth or fame, only to put her arms round that dear old woman's neck, and feel her heart beat once more against the heart of that much beloved soul in far-away Domremy. She was a leader of men, a military genius; but she had the heart of a lovely child. She had become supremely great, and yet no flaw had crept in to put the slightest stain upon her pure soul. 'But what can I do for you?' again asked the King. There were many in that exalted crowd that looked with envious eyes, and still more envious hearts, at this fair young creature. Many were the jealous feelings that swept through that brilliant assembly, for Joan was constantly the object of that most bitter spirit. There is no doubt that she might have had almost anything for the asking, but there was no grain of selfishness in her noble patriotism. 'Give command then, O King, that my poor village, hard

pressed by reason of war, may have its taxes remitted!' It was always for someone else the girl was working and thinking. She has won a kingdom, and she has crowned a king; she has done this in the face of overwhelming odds, and all she asks is a favour for another. If ever one of heaven's children stood upon the earth it was Joan of Arc. Beautiful as she was in her person, her soul was still more beautiful. Look at her, and admire her, for the world will never see her like again!

The King granted her request for Domremy, and the privilege remained in operation for three hundred and fifty years, up to the time of the Revolution.

VII

Capture of Joan

Unhappy condition of such a soul dragged down to the realities of this world! . . . But the greatest peril for the saint was her very sanctity, the reverence, the adoration of the common people. At Laquy she was supplicated to restore a dead child to life. The Count d'Armagnac wrote to her a request that she would decide which of the rival popes he should acknowledge. And yet she was without pride. She never professed to be a saint. The good sense which she preserved in her elevation was, indeed, the peculiar originality of this young girl.

Michelet.

The battlements of Compiègne have long since mouldered away; choked by the fallen fragments, the fosse is once more level with the plain; even the old bridge has been replaced by another higher up the stream—yet, amidst all these manifold changes the precise spot of the catastrophe is still pointed out by popular tradition to the passing stranger.

Earl Stanhope, *Quarterly Review*, No. cxxviii.

It was scarcely thirteen months since she had begun her military career, and in so brief a space of time she had won, by a heroism far more admirable than the supernatural powers attributed to her, a glory which would have wrought still greater benefit for France if the Maid had been better supported by the captains and councillors, the King and nobles, on whom she had a right to rely for assistance.

Sismondi: *Histoire de Francais*, xiii.

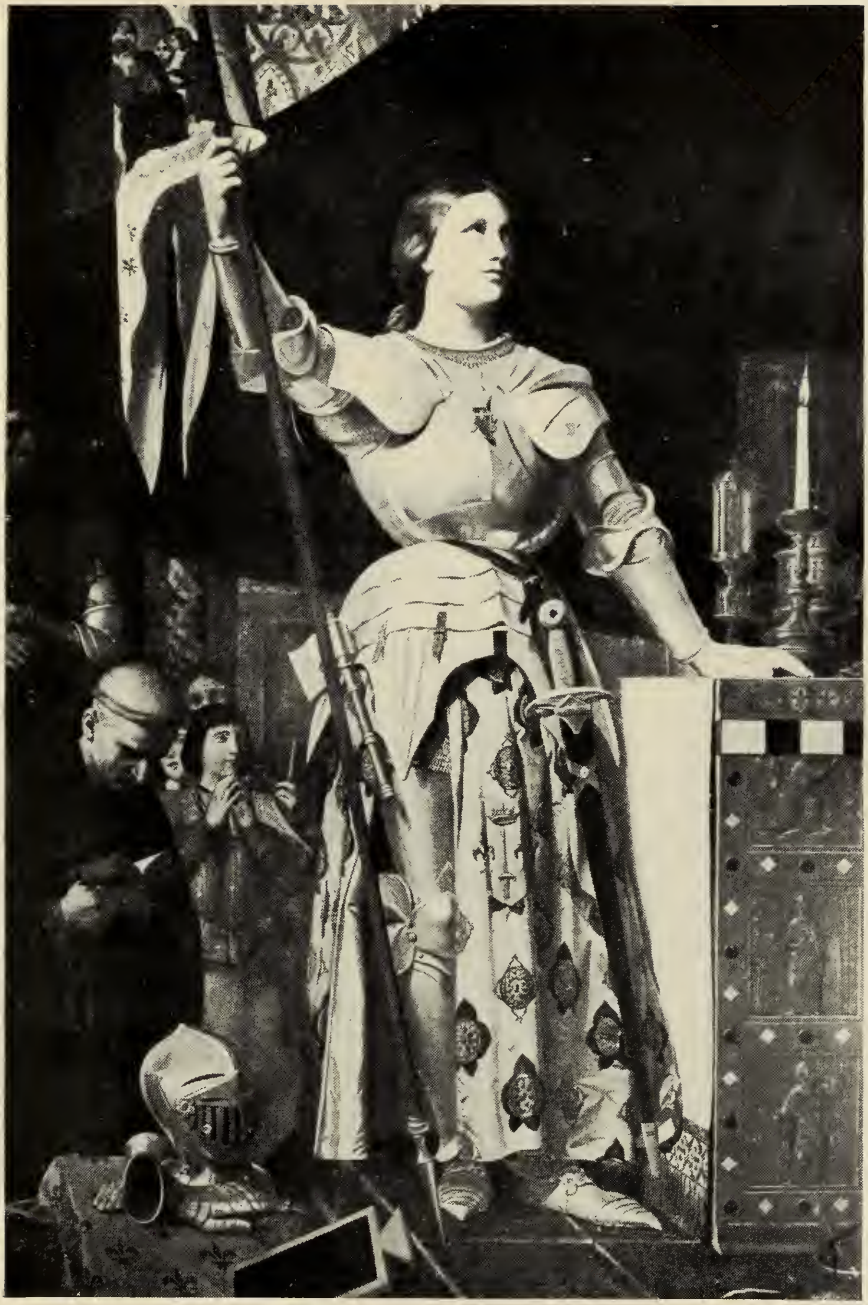
VII

CAPTURE OF JOAN

WITH the coronation of the King at Rheims Joan's work was completed. She prayed to be permitted to return home. Better for the honour of the King, better a thousand times for the honour of France, had her request been granted. From this time she seems to have been to a great extent without her 'Voices.' Many of the King's favourites regarded her with jealousy and suspicion. The chief councillor, Trémouille, hated her. All along she had been hampered by those who thought her success would mean for them loss of prestige and power with the King. She had been opposed by fawning sycophants, who foresaw in the success of her schemes a loss of so much comfort and pleasure for themselves. It is always true that the dark spirit of self cannot bear the bright piercing light of unselfish patriotism and love.

There is no doubt whatever that Charles should have marched from his coronation at Rheims

straight to Paris. He would have found that city in an undefended condition, and that, with the prestige of recent victories and of his coronation, would have made him easily master of the situation. But whatever he ultimately became, at this time he was hopeless. He was like clay in the hands of Trémouille, and all this unprincipled schemer considered was how to fill his own pocket. With a King weak-willed and pleasure-loving, who was manipulated by a man who was nothing more nor less than a political shark, Joan had a time of extreme discomfort and chagrin. She urged the King to action, but he was indifferent. The fact that so strong a town as Compiègne surrendered to him did not stimulate him in the slightest. He was a tragic failure. Time was further lost by Trémouille's negotiations with the Duke of Burgundy in the hope of bringing about a reconciliation. One wonders whether either of them was sincere. Burgundy, we know, played double, for while the diplomatic interviews were proceeding, he was concentrating all his strength in Paris, and denouncing Charles as a murderer. As to Trémouille it looks as if he were simply using the situation to delay and handicap the Maid, and feather more deeply his own capacious nest.



JOAN OF ARC AT THE CORONATION OF CHARLES VII.

At this time the Duke of Bedford sent a very extraordinary letter of challenge to the French King. He says, 'We, John of Lancaster, Regent of France, and Duke of Bedford, by these presents to you Charles de Valois, who were wont formerly to call yourself Dauphin of Vienne, but now without cause style yourself King, and unrighteously make attempts against the crown and dominion of the very high, most excellent, and renowned Henry, by the grace of God true and lawful lord of the realms of France and England; beguiling the simple commons by telling them that you design to give them peace and safety, which is not the fact, nor can it be accomplished by your having resort to the assistance of superstitious and iniquitous persons, and especially of a woman of rude and irregular life and debauched manners dressed in the clothes of a man, and accompanied by an apostate and seditious friar. You have also forcibly taken possession of several towns and castles belonging to my said lord the King, and caused the inhabitants thereof to forswear themselves by breaking the peace most solemnly concluded between the former kings of France and England, the barons, peers, and prelates, and three estates of the realm.

'Now be it known that we, in order to protect the rights of our said lord the King, have taken the field in person, and shall follow you from place to place, in the hope of meeting you, which has never yet been our good fortune. And as we most heartily desire to terminate this war we summon and require of you, if you be a prince desirous of securing honour, to have pity on the poor people through your act so long and sorely troubled, that the sorrow may be put an end to by the ending of the war.

'Choose, therefore, in this country of Brie, any open place where we may meet, since now we are not far from each other; and having appointed a day, do you appear there with the shameless woman, and such forces as you may be pleased to assemble.

'Should you therefore have any proposals of peace to offer, we will permit, and we will do all that a good Catholic prince may and can do; for we are always prepared to conclude a substantial peace, but not one so false and treacherous as that of Montereau-faut-Yonne, when, through your connivance, that most horrid and disgraceful murder was done upon the person of our late beloved father (father-in-law), John of Burgundy,

whose soul may God receive! By means of this peace which you most basely violated, more than a hundred nobles have abandoned your kingdom, as is set forth in the letters patent under your own hand and seal. And if through the wickedness of mankind it should happen that peace cannot be made, we will each before God, whom we humbly implore so to incline the hearts of these people that they may live in peace without further oppression.

'Given at Montereau-faut-Yonne, the seventh day of August, in the year of grace 1429.—Signed by the Lord Regent of France, John, Duke of Bedford.'

The result of this flamboyant document was small. The rival armies came into close touch at Bray-sur-Seine, but beyond violently blowing their trumpets in challenge at one another, neither side seemed prepared to start the fighting, so fighting there was none. Presently they mutually retired. The French entered Compiègne, and within a short period Creil, Pont Saint-Maxence, Choisy, Gournay-sur-Aronde, Remy, La Neufville-en-Hez, Moguay, Chantilly, and Saintines hauled down the English colours, and flew those of their rightful King. But all this produced no effect

upon Charles, who simply skulked in Senlis, a town which had also surrendered to his authority. Joan ultimately burst into his Council and denounced Trémouille to his face. The result was that at last the King gave a reluctant permission to march on Paris. 'If I am to stay with you let me be doing something, and we shall drive every Englishman out of France in six months.' There is no doubt Charles gave the permission with his tongue in his cheek. There was never any intention on his part, or on the part of his Council, to make any serious effort to take Paris. Trémouille openly argued against it, and declared that to make any attack on Paris would be to interfere with his negotiations with Burgundy, with whom he was now trying to arrange a truce until the following Easter. The King had simply himself to blame that Paris was not in his hands already; but now, owing to his lack of enterprise and his love of pleasure, the people of Paris had had time since his coronation to fortify the city. 'Never was a kingdom so merrily lost,' said La Hire.

The Maid reached Paris on August 26, and waited for Charles. Message after message was sent, and it was not until September 7 that he

arrived. The attack commenced, and Joan did all she possibly could to effect an entrance through the gate of St. Honore, but she was not successful. She led in person practically every attack, but nearly all her generals were against her, and gave her no support. The whole attempt on Paris was a fiasco; and as one reads the story it appears as if the King and his Council were doing all they could to throw ridicule upon Joan and reduce her to failure. In one attack on the gateway Joan was wounded, and was forcibly carried from the scene of fighting by D'Alencon. He was the only man of note who stood by her, and even his attempts to push forward the siege were upset by the King, who after the Maid was wounded, declared the campaign ended. On September 13 the army turned away from Paris, and marched to the Loire. Joan was defeated by her own King. She went and hung her armour up at St. Dennis, and begged permission to go home. Trémouille objected; while she was at Court he could hinder her in a hundred ways, but if she were beyond his reach she might achieve a position that would be too strong for him to overthrow.

As to the attack upon Paris not being seriously intended, Andrew Lang quotes some interesting

notes by a clerk of the 'Parlement' of Paris throwing light upon the subject. He says:

'On Thursday, September 8, the Feast of the Nativity of the Mother of God, the soldiers of Messire Charles de Valois assembled in great numbers near the walls of Paris, at the Porte Saint Honore, rather hoping by a popular tumult to oppress and injure the town and the inhabitants, than to succeed by force of arms. About two hours after noon they began to make a semblance of an intention to assail the place. Hastily did some of the enemies at the swine market, and near the gate bring up bundles of wood and faggots, and throw them into the outer trenches, which were dry; next into the ditches close to the wall, where the water was high. At this moment the disaffected or bribed people in the town raised shouts throughout the whole place on either side of the bridges, yelling that "all is lost, that the enemy has entered": with cries of *Sauve qui peut!*

'Thereon all the people in the churches at sermon were panic-stricken, and most of them fled to their houses, and shut the doors; but there was no other commotion. Those who were appointed to that duty stayed on guard on the walls, and at the gates; and others coming up, made strong and

good opposition to the men of Charles de Valois, who remained in the outer fosse, and without at the swine market till ten or eleven o'clock, when they departed with loss, several of them being slain or wounded by gunshot and arrow shot. Among others, a woman called the Pucelle, who was one of the leaders for Charles de Valois, was wounded in the leg by an arrow. *The plan of the leaders was rather to injure Paris by a commotion within than by armed assault*; for had they been four times more numerous than they were, or more, they could not have taken the place either by storm or siege, for it was well supplied with food, and the townspeople and garrison were perfectly at one in the resistance, as it was reported that Charles de Valois had given up the place to be sacked, ordered a massacre of men and women of all ranks, and would plough the site of a town of Christian people, a thing not easily credible.'

There is no doubt that the whole affair was a farce. Charles cared little that he was doing his best to break the heart of his faithful servant Joan.

From the walls of Paris the King took his Court to Gien, stopped every military enterprise, disbanded his army, and gave himself up to enjoyment. The Maid was compelled to accompany

him. How shall one find words to describe the foolishness and the weakness of this man, who forsook the field in the midst of great success, and allowed his own personal pleasure to banish from his mind all sense of duty to his country? Even the Burgundian nobles, who were growing eager for a union between the two French parties, looked upon him now with disdain. Trémouille ostentatiously continued his efforts to bring about the reconciliation, and offered to Burgundy the towns of Saint Maxence and Compiègne. The latter place, however, led by its governor, De Flavy, refused to yield to the Burgundian party.

During the winter months this heroic girl drifted about from town to town, and from castle to castle with the Court. Now and again there was a little fighting, and the Maid always bravely took her part. The most important event was an attack upon the town of La Charite. Joan did all that she could to reduce the place, but the attempt ended in failure. She tells us that during these months her 'Voices' spoke less frequently to her, and that she could not see things as distinctly as she had seen them before. She begged again to be sent home, but the King's reply was to issue on December 29 letters patent ennobling her

family and herself, and granting to them the privilege of bearing in their arms the Lily of France. Trémouille saw to it that with the honour was given neither money nor estate. To the credit of the people of Orleans, this omission was remedied, and the family received a pension which they enjoyed for many years. Trémouille, Charles' 'Falstaff,' as Lang calls him, needed so much money for himself that there was little indeed for the King's faithful servants.

It is interesting to note that during the winter the Maid had a competitor in the person of a prophetess called Catherine. As this new 'light' undertook to fill the King's empty coffers, she was very welcome. She stated that by preaching to the people she could induce them to reveal their hidden treasures, and that by the aid of a white lady she was able to distinguish the loyal from the disloyal subjects. Joan believed her to be an impostor, and at the King's request inquired into the matter. Her opinion upon the subject was very distinctly revealed during the trial. She was asked what Catherine said to her in the interview she had with her, and she made the following interesting reply:

'She said that a white lady came to her dressed

in cloth-of-gold, who told her to go through the good cities with heralds and trumpets which the King would give her, and proclaim that any one who had gold, silver, or any concealed treasure should bring it immediately: that those who did not do so, and who had anything hidden, she would know, and would be able to discover the treasure. With these treasures, she told me, she would pay my men-at-arms. I told Catherine that she should return to her husband, look after her home, and bring up her children. And in order to have some certainty as to her mission, I spoke of it, either to Saint Catherine or to Saint Margaret, who told me that the mission of this Catherine was mere folly, and nothing else. I wrote to the King as to what he should do about it; and, when I afterwards went to him, I told him that this mission of Catherine was only folly, and nothing more. She told me that she wished to go to the Duke of Burgundy to make peace. I told her that it seemed to me that peace would only be found at the end of the lance. I asked her whether this white lady who appeared to her came every night. And I said that, to see her, I would sleep with her one night in the same bed. I went to bed; I watched till midnight; I saw nothing,

and then went to sleep. When morning came, I asked her if the white lady had come. "Yes, Jeanne," she answered me, "while you were asleep she came; and I could not awaken you." Then I asked her if she would come the following night. "Yes," she told me. For this reason I slept by day that I might be able to watch the night following. I went to bed with Catherine; watched all the night following; but saw nothing, although I asked her often, "Will she never come?" and she always answered me, "Yes, in a moment."'

Joan never got sight of the White Lady, and herself stamped Catherine as an impostor.

Hostilities were resumed in the spring of the year, and a small army crossed the Loire accompanied by Joan. The march was in aid of those towns which had supported the cause of Charles, and which were now threatened by the enemy. Despite the conduct of the King there is no doubt that the English power was weakening, and had he chosen a great deal might have been accomplished. The Maid did much, but she was working without the aid of her 'Voices' and without the real support of her King; consequently she was frequently depressed. Hearing that the Duke of Burgundy with a powerful army was approaching

Compiègne, she threw herself into that town on May 24. This was the day of the great disaster! Quicherat describes well the incidents that led up to the terrible climax:

'Compiègne is situated on the left bank of the Oise. On the other side extends a great meadow, nearly a mile broad, at the end of which the rising ground of Picardy rises suddenly like a wall, shutting in the horizon. The meadow is low, and so subject to floods that it is crossed by an ancient road from the bridge of Compiègne to the foot of the low hills. Three village churches mark the extent of the landscape visible from the walls of Compiègne: Marguy at the end of the road; Clairvoir three-quarters of a league higher up, at the confluence of the two rivers, the Aronde and the Oise, close to the spot where another tributary, the Aisne, also flows into the Oise; and Venette a mile and a half lower down. The Burgundians had one camp at Marguy, another at Clairvoir; the head quarters of the English were at Venette. As for the inhabitants of Compiègne, their first defence facing the enemy was one of those redoubts or towers which the chronicles of the fifteenth century called a boulevard. It was placed at the end of the bridge, and commanded the road.

'The plan of the Maid was to make a sortie towards the evening to attack Marguy, and afterwards Clairvoir, and then at the opening of the Aronde valley to meet the Duke of Burgundy, and his forces who were lodged there, and who would naturally come to the aid of his other troops when attacked. She took no thought for the English, having already carefully arranged with Flavy how they should be prevented from cutting off her retreat. The governor provided against any chance of this by arming the boulevard strongly with archers to drive off any advancing force, and also by keeping ready on the Oise a number of covered boats to receive the foot soldiers in case of a retrograde movement.

'The action began well: the garrison of Marguy yielded in the twinkling of an eye. That of Clairvoir, rushing to the support of their brothers in arms, was repulsed, then in its turn repulsed the French; and three times this alternative of advance and retreat took place on the flat ground of the meadow without serious injury to either party. This gave time to the English to take part in the fray; though thanks to the precautions of Flavy, all they could do was to swell the ranks of the Burgundians. But unfortunately the rear of

the Maid's army was struck with the possibility that a diversion might be attempted from behind, and their retreat cut off. A panic seized them; they broke their ranks, turned back and fled, some to the boats, some to the barrier of the boulevard. The English, witnessing this flight, rushed after them, secure now on the side of Compiègne, where the archers no longer ventured to shoot lest they should kill the fugitives instead of the enemy. They (the English) thus got possession of the raised road, and pushed on so hotly after the fugitives that their horses' heads touched the backs of the crowd. It thus became necessary to close the gates until the barrier of the boulevard should be set up again.'

Joan had been doing her utmost to protect her retreating soldiers, the majority of whom had passed through the gateway to safety, but as she herself drew near to the city the gates were closed, and she was left with a small bodyguard to face an overwhelming foe. Her soldiers fought desperately, but the situation was hopeless. In a few moments, surrounded by men-at-arms, she was dragged from her horse, and became a helpless captive in the hands of a relentless and unforgiving foe.

JOAN MADE PRISONER BY THE ENGLISH AT COMPIÈGNE.

It has been suggested that her capture was part of a plot to which the governor of the city was no stranger. Joan had said that morning in church that 'treachery was the thing she was most afraid of.' Let us hope that Governor Flavy was not so mean-spirited a scoundrel as to have had a hand in so dreadful a piece of work, for in all other respects he seems to have been reckoned a brave and honourable man. One thing he might have done. It is generally admitted that a rapid sally with a body of determined men could have rescued Joan from the hands of the enemy. Such an attempt was not made, and probably in the excitement of the situation not thought of. It was a dark day for France. It was a blot upon the national escutcheon for it ever to have been possible. Despair came and sat upon many a Frenchman's mind. Joan the inspired, Joan the deliverer, Joan the heaven-sent, Joan who had brought a dead nation to life, Joan the beloved —was in the hands of the enemy! Many a Frenchman felt himself accursed.

VIII

Trial and Martyrdom

From the outset innumerable illegalities were committed.

I know no more, for my sole concern has been to live a virtuous life, with Jesus Christ as King of Florence. Thus, if not believing me, ye should even put me to torture anew ye will discover no more, for there is nought else to be said, and ye will bring me nigh to death.

But I will turn me to the Heavens, and then hope will come to my aid. Behold! already despair quaileth beneath her glance! Now let the world weigh upon me as it will, let my enemies rise against me; my fear hath passed from me, for I have rested all my hope in the Lord. Peradventure, O Lord, Thou wilt grant my prayer to be relieved from bodily auguish, for such grace might be hurtful to the soul, inasmuch as virtue gains strength in tribulation. Then shall I be temporally confounded by men; their strength and power shall be arrayed against me; but Thou dost permit it, for that I be not confounded in Eternity.

From the Church militant you may separate me, but not from the Church triumphant!

Villari: *Savonarola, Life and Times.*

VIII

TRIAL AND MARTYRDOM

JOAN had fallen into the hands of the Burgundian party, and they naturally imagined that Charles would immediately come forward for the purpose of ransoming so distinguished a prisoner. More especially did they expect this in the light of what the King owed to her. To the everlasting disgrace of the French King, he made not the slightest sign, but allowed the Burgundian party to sell this girl, who had done everything for him, to the English for the sum of £2,500, the price of a royal prince's ransom. Upon Burgundy rests the infamy of selling to the English the most wonderful woman France has ever possessed: on the English rests the shame of buying this great soul, who had inflicted defeat after defeat upon them, and buying her for the express purpose of obtaining the Church's judgement upon her as a witch, and then handing her over for destruction

to the civil authorities. It was an outrage of every chivalrous sentiment, and was deserving of the severest retribution. The retribution came. From that time the English power decreased, until not a vestige of it remained. Twice Joan attempted to escape while in the hands of the Burgundian party. In one attempt she threw herself from the summit of the tower of Beaurevoir, and was taken up nearly dead. In another attempt she broke a passage through her dungeon wall, but before she had completed her work she was discovered. She absolutely refused to give her parole. 'Never was I prisoner in any place,' she said, 'but what I would gladly have escaped.' During her trial she declared that upon one occasion she would 'have locked up her keeper, only the porter saw me, and stopped me.' Again during her trial she said she would sooner lose her life in an endeavour to escape than fall into the hands of the English, for she knew that they had threatened terrible things against her life. Her attempts to escape naturally brought upon her close confinement.

After she was sold to the English she was removed to Rouen for trial. For a protection she continued to wear male attire. With a brutality

JOAN'S CELL IN THE TOWER OF ROUEN CASTLE.

that passes understanding she was put into an iron cage in the great tower of Rouen Castle, and her feet secured by an iron chain. The common soldiers treated this dark-haired saint with the utmost cruelty, and their officers were perhaps worse. 'Ah, Joan,' said the Earl of Stafford one day, 'I shall come and ransom you if you promise never to bear arms against me.' 'My God,' exclaimed the girl, 'you are mocking me. The English will cause my death, but if they were one hundred thousand times stronger than they are they will never again conquer France.' The Earl of Stafford was so incensed that he drew his dagger to stab her, but was prevented by Lord Warwick. As Andrew Lang says, 'When an earl thus forgot himself we may imagine the ribaldry of her daily and nightly companions, "five English noncepailliers of the basest degree." People used to stare at her and banter her.'

But despite the cruelty of her treatment she would not give her parole, for if possible she meant to escape and carry on the work of the English expulsion from her Fatherland. Her patriotism gave her a very remarkable power of endurance.

But what was the object of the English? Why

not kill her outright? No! That was not for them, as they thought, the best policy. Joan was still a great name in France, and to kill her in any ordinary fashion would be to make a martyr of her, and that was most undesirable. As a martyr she might be still more popular than she had been as a patriot leader. Such a result must be prevented at all costs. The dreadful thing that they aimed at accomplishing was to persuade the Church to prove her guilty of witchcraft, and thus if possible secure her condemnation and punishment as a witch. A condemned witch would, they thought, be an object of popular scorn. If they could secure this end it would be a severe blow to the French King. It would demonstrate to the world that he had obtained his crown by the assistance of a girl whom the Church had pronounced to be a witch. The plot was satanic! Her trial was one prolonged tragedy of illegality and cruelty. The charge preferred against her had been suggested and had been searchingly inquired into by the Church at the beginning of her mission. What is more, the Church had declared for her divine inspiration, and had on that ground recommended her to the King and advised her use. A striking light is

thrown upon this point by an experience that Joan passed through about a month after her trial began. She was taken with a violent sickness in prison after eating a carp that Cauchon had sent to her. There was no doubt but that Joan thought she was poisoned. For expressing the opinion she was most vulgarly abused. Two physicians who sat among her judges visited her. One of them stated on oath in after years at the Trial of Rehabilitation that Earl Warwick had said to him, 'The King of England held Joan dear and expensive, and that she was not to die a natural death; burned she must be.' The physicians were almost afraid to bleed her lest she should commit suicide. However, she was bled at last, and recovered.

The iniquitous proceedings of the trial were presided over by Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who had been partially promised the appointment to the Bishopric of Rouen if he secured a conviction. In the light of his harsh treatment of the Maid, it is pleasant to know that the reward was never bestowed. If a conviction were not obtained the English intended to repossess themselves of her from the Ecclesiastical Courts and drown her as a witch. Joan was to have no chance of

escape; she was, indeed, between the devil and the deep sea.

The Bishop himself prepared the 'procès-verbal.' This was a detailed list of the charges based upon 'suspicions and public rumours.' It contained many items of accusation, but they may be summed up in a word or two: she was held 'suspected of heresy, witchcraft, and of other offences against religion.' Now by the law of the Church a searching inquiry into the history and character of the accused was always to be made and added to such 'procès-verbal.' In fact such an inquiry was to form an actual part of every similar document. The Bishop sent a Commission to Domremy to inquire into her character and previous life, but as the Commission found that her reputation was unsullied their report was suppressed. Again, by the law of the Church she, being a minor, under twenty-one years of age, had the right to demand to have counsel found for her to conduct her case. Whether she knew she possessed such a right or not she requested it of Cauchon; but this unjust judge refused her request, and informed her she must get along with her case as she best could. A further injustice was done to Joan. Her case

being one for the Ecclesiastical Courts she ought to have been put into the charge of the ecclesiastics, but she was kept in the harshest military prison.

Then this disreputable Cauchon caused to be introduced into her cell a priest who professed to be sympathetic towards the Maid. This man was none other than a prison spy, L'Oiselleur, Canon of Rouen. While Joan made her confession into what she thought were sincere and sacred ears, and while she talked of her hopes, her fears, and her marvellous experiences, Cauchon listened at a hole which he had bored through the wall, so anxious was he to trap her in her words. He packed his jury with a number of men who were prepared to be as unscrupulous and as unmerciful as himself. Her opponents in their maliciousness seemed to be inspired by Satan. There were a few exceptions, and Lang quotes the notable case of Jean de Lohier, who was invited to take part in the trial. He said, 'in his view Jeanne could not be proceeded against in matter of faith except on evidence proving there was a "fama" against her'; the production of such information was legally necessary. It was not publicly produced, nor is it given in the official

record. Manchon, the notary and clerk, says that Lohier asked for three days to consider the documents, and declared that the mode of the trial was not valid.

(1) It was held in a castle where men were not at liberty to give their full and free opinions.

(2) The honour of the King of France was impeached: he was a party to the suit, yet did not appear, and had no representation.

(3) The libel or accusation had not been given to the Maid, and she had no counsel: she, a simple country girl, tried in deep matters of faith!

To Manchon, Lohier said, 'You see how they are going on! They will catch her in her words, as when she says "I know for certain that I touched the apparitions." If she said, "so it seems to me," I think no man could condemn her.' Cauchon was very angry, and Lohier had to fly the country: he was threatened with drowning.

This infamous trial began on January 9, 1431. For many months Joan had been confined in iron chains in an iron cage, but when she came to stand before this imposing court of ecclesiastics and scholars her spirit was not broken. She was dressed as a page in a black suit. The court endeavoured to make her take the oath to speak

without reservation upon all subjects she was to be examined about. She simply replied, 'Concerning revelation to my King I will not speak, if you cut my head off.' Her oath, with that limitation, had to be accepted. All her judges were astounded at her ability, her presence of mind, and her remarkable answers. The court began to try to prove her guilty of sorcery, but all the browbeating of her judges could not entrap her into a single error affecting her belief. She stated that she supremely believed in her revelations, and held that they came from God. She was cross-examined again and again with reference to the secret sign she had given to the Dauphin at Chinon. Many traps were set by her astute judges to betray her into giving some account of this matter, but she was always alert and guarded in her replies. Joan was shrewd enough to see that if she declared to them that the sign given related to the question of the Dauphin's legitimacy, a subject upon which he himself had even entertained doubts, it would mean a great blow to his interests and influence. In a moment the enemies of the King would have exclaimed, 'He has been deluded by a witch upon a subject about which he himself had misgivings.' Such a weapon the

Maid was determined never to place in the hands of the King's enemies. Notwithstanding the cleverness and the bullying of her persecutors, she so effectually held her tongue that they were absolutely baffled.

They cross-examined her with relation to the proclamation she sent to the English generals at the siege of Orleans. She was asked whether she dictated such a document. Her reply was a very decided 'Yes.' Did she 'repent and retract' sending it? 'No,' said the girl, 'and not only that but I warn you that within seven years a disaster far greater than the Orleans disaster will smite the English, and soon after all France will be lost to the English.'

One part of the forecast was fulfilled within the seven years, for in 1436 Paris fell, and the French King entered with flying colours.

Many questions were put to her about her standard. She was asked why she carried it. Her reply was, 'That I might have the blood of no man upon my hands. I have never killed a man in battle.' One of her replies with reference to her standard was exquisite. 'Why,' asked the cross-examiner, 'did your standard have place at the crowning of the King in the cathedral at

Rheims?' 'Because,' said Joan, 'it had borne the burden, it had earned the honour.'—'*Il avail été a la peine, c'etait bien raison qu'il fut a l'honneur.*'

Questions were put to her as to whether she had ever learnt any trade. 'I learnt to spin and sew,' she answered, 'and in sewing and spinning am equal to any woman in Rouen.'

She was asked why she jumped from the tower of Beaurevoir. 'To go to the succour of Compiègne,' was the reply.

It was suggested that she was attempting to commit the great crime of suicide. 'Did you not say you would rather die than fall into the hands of the English?' Unflinchingly the girl answered, 'I would sooner my soul return to God than I should have fallen into English hands.'

They questioned her as to whether she had not professed to work miracles by the aid of her rings. 'Never!' replied Joan. 'I have prayed for the sick, and when people have touched my rings or my dress they have done it because they love me. I never used any rings of mine to heal any mortal.'

Hundreds of questions were put to her about her 'Voices.' Some she answered, some she refused to answer. 'Have your "Voices,"' they

asked, 'told you that you shall gain your freedom?' The reply was plaintive and prophetic. 'Yes, they tell me that I shall gain my freedom by a great victory. That I must not grieve for martyrdom. From thence I shall come at last into Paradise.' 'If,' said her tormentor, 'you are going to Paradise, you feel certain you will be saved!' 'Well then, if you know you are to be saved, there is no need to go to confession.' The girl's answer was superb: 'One cannot keep the conscience too clean.'

She was examined concerning a letter that she had sent in reply to Comte d' Armagnac, who had asked her advice as to who was the true Pope. (There were three rival popes at this time.) 'Which one do you consider the true pope?' asked the examiner insidiously. Joan as cleverly replied, 'Are there two popes?' One reporter of the trial assures us that a priest who was present said in a voice that could be heard all over the court, 'By God, that was a master stroke.'

The fury of the attack under Cauchon aroused a measure of sympathy in the hearts of one or two of the judges. For instance, upon one occasion she said, 'Without the grace of God I could do nothing.'

'Are you in a state of grace?' asked the examiner.

'It is an unfair question,' said one of the judges, 'to put to so young a girl.'

'Silence,' yelled Cauchon; 'the prisoner will answer the question.'

Joan's great reply has become one of the beautiful things of history.

'If I be not in a state of grace I pray God place me in it, and if I be in it I pray God keep me so!'

For a space there was deep silence in that terrible court of mock justice.

They tried to confuse her by demanding that she should submit to the Church. It was a subtle point. There were as many divisions in the Church as there were political parties, and the part of the Church that represented English feeling had decided that she must be governed by witchcraft. If she submitted in the sense they wished she would condemn her entire mission, and stamp herself as a witch. There is no doubt that Joan drew a distinction between the Church triumphant and the Church militant. Savonarola was threatened with excommunication from the Church, but as he magnificently answered the

bishop who pronounced his separation from the Church militant and triumphant, 'not from the triumphant, for that is not in thy power.' A similar distinction evidently existed in the mind of Joan, for the French minute of the trial reports her to have said: 'I well believe that the Holy Father, the Pope of Rome, and the bishops, and other Churchmen are for the guarding of the Christian Faith, and the punishment of heretics: but as for me and my facts, I will only submit to the Church of Heaven, to God, our Lady, and the Saints in Paradise. I firmly believe that I have not erred in faith, nor would I err.' One of the judges, touched with compassion for the courageous girl, explained to her what submission to the Church meant, and suggested she should refer herself to the Pope.

'In the devil's name, silence,' shouted the brutal Cauchon. But she did appeal to the Pope, as she had a legal right to do; and that appeal, if granted, would have taken her out of the hands of her enemies. Cauchon, however, ordered the appeal not only to be suppressed, but not even recorded in the minute of the trial.

Thus every semblance of justice in this trial was destroyed. Joan refused persistently to abjure

her 'Voices.' She would serve the Church, she said, as the Church was in harmony with God. But Joan had a great affection for her Church, despite the cruel treatment meted out to her by its great leaders.

Day after day the trial dragged wearily along. Just a peasant girl pitted against nearly a hundred doctors of the law and ecclesiastics! They argued and howled against her, tried to browbeat her, to trip her up, and to convict her by every cunning method of witchcraft. But never once did she trip, never once was she frightened, and to all they said they could get no further than her magnificent reply, 'I am a good Christian, born and baptized, and a good Christian I will die.'

A striking testimony has come down to us from one of the judges. He says, 'They asked her profound questions, but she extricated herself marvellously. Sometimes the questioner changed suddenly and passed to another subject to see if she would contradict herself. They burdened her with long interrogatories of two or three hours, from which her judges went forth fatigued. From the snares with which she was beset the expertest man in the world could not have extricated himself but with difficulty. She gave her

responses with great prudence, indeed, to such a degree that during three weeks I believed she was inspired.'

Little or no progress was made against her. At last Cauchon suggested torture. On May 9 she was taken into the torture chamber. Two torturers were present, with their terrible instruments of screws and racks. She was ordered to be more explicit in her answers. 'If you tore my body,' said Joan, 'limb from limb, till my soul is forced from my body I will say no more than what I have said. And if I do I will declare you dragged it from me by force.' Surely this is the height of the heroic spirit!

Leaving the girl in the agony of anticipation of torture for three days, on May 12 a discussion took place as to whether this treatment should be inflicted upon her or not. When it came to the vote only three men were found brutal enough among her judges to vote for it. Says Andrew Lang, 'Morelli, L'Oiselleur, de Courcelles, these are the names of blackest infamy.'

A report of the trial summed up in a series of twelve articles was sent to the University of Paris, and on these articles the judgement of the law doctors was requested. After considering for

CELL IN ROUEN CASTLE, WHERE JOAN WAS BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH THE INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE.

awhile the different matters submitted, the university came to a series of conclusions of which the following is a summary:

(1) That with relation to her supposed experiences of angels, angelic voices, their approval of her mission, and the manner of its accomplishment, the whole matter was fictitious, seductive, pernicious, and proceeded from Belial, Satan, and Behemoth.

(2) That with reference to the signs by which the Dauphin was convinced of the truth of her mission, her statements were presumptuous, seductive, pernicious lies, and derogatory of the dignity of angels.

(3) That with reference to her belief that she was visited by the Saints Michael, Catherine, and Margaret, she yielded to a wrong belief, and erred in the faith.

(4) That with reference to her prophecies, and her knowledge of secrets by revelation, 'she was a liar, a divineress, and an empty boaster.'

(5) That with reference to her wearing male dress, and refusing to hear mass rather than give it up, 'she blasphemed God, despised His sacraments and doctrines of the Church'; also in wearing male attire 'she must be suspected of imitating

the heathen, and of dedicating herself and her garments to demons.'

(6) That generally with regard to her letters which she inscribed with 'Jesus Maria,' and in which letters she conveyed her commands, 'she was a pernicious woman, cruel, greedy of the effusion of human blood, a provoker of sedition, and an exciter to tyranny, and a blasphemer of God, as she attributed her revelations to God.'

(7) That with reference to leaving her parents, and her promises to conquer the enemies of Charles, 'she behaved impiously to her parents, and was a maker of rash and presumptuous promises.'

(8) That with reference to her attempt to escape, she was a coward, and guilty of suicide in intent.

(9) That with reference to her statement that the Saints had assured her that if she preserved her personal purity she would be saved, she was 'asserting a rash lie,' and is 'a proof of wrong thinking concerning the faith.'

(10) That with reference to her opposition to the Burgundian party, in which she declares she was encouraged by the Saints Catherine and Margaret, she was guilty of blaspheming against

these saints, and 'was guilty of disobeying the scriptural command to love her enemies.'

(11) That with reference to her statements that she had embraced her Saints, and sought their counsel, and further with reference to her refusal to reveal the secret sign given to the Dauphin she was an 'idolatress, an invocatress of demons, and that she had taken an unlawful and rash oath.'

(12) That with reference to her statement that she would not do anything the Church commanded her to do if it were contrary to what God ordered her to do, 'she was schismatic, with evil thoughts in relation to the unity and authority of the Church,' 'an apostate, and a truant to the faith.'

Their words in relation to all matters submitted to their judgement were that she was 'a schismatic, an unbeliever, an apostate, a liar, a mystic, and accursed.'

So the University of Paris stamped this Saint of God!

During the period of waiting for the Paris judgement Joan had another severe attack of illness in the prison. That, however, produced no softening of the hard hearts opposed to her. She was threatened that the end was now approaching,

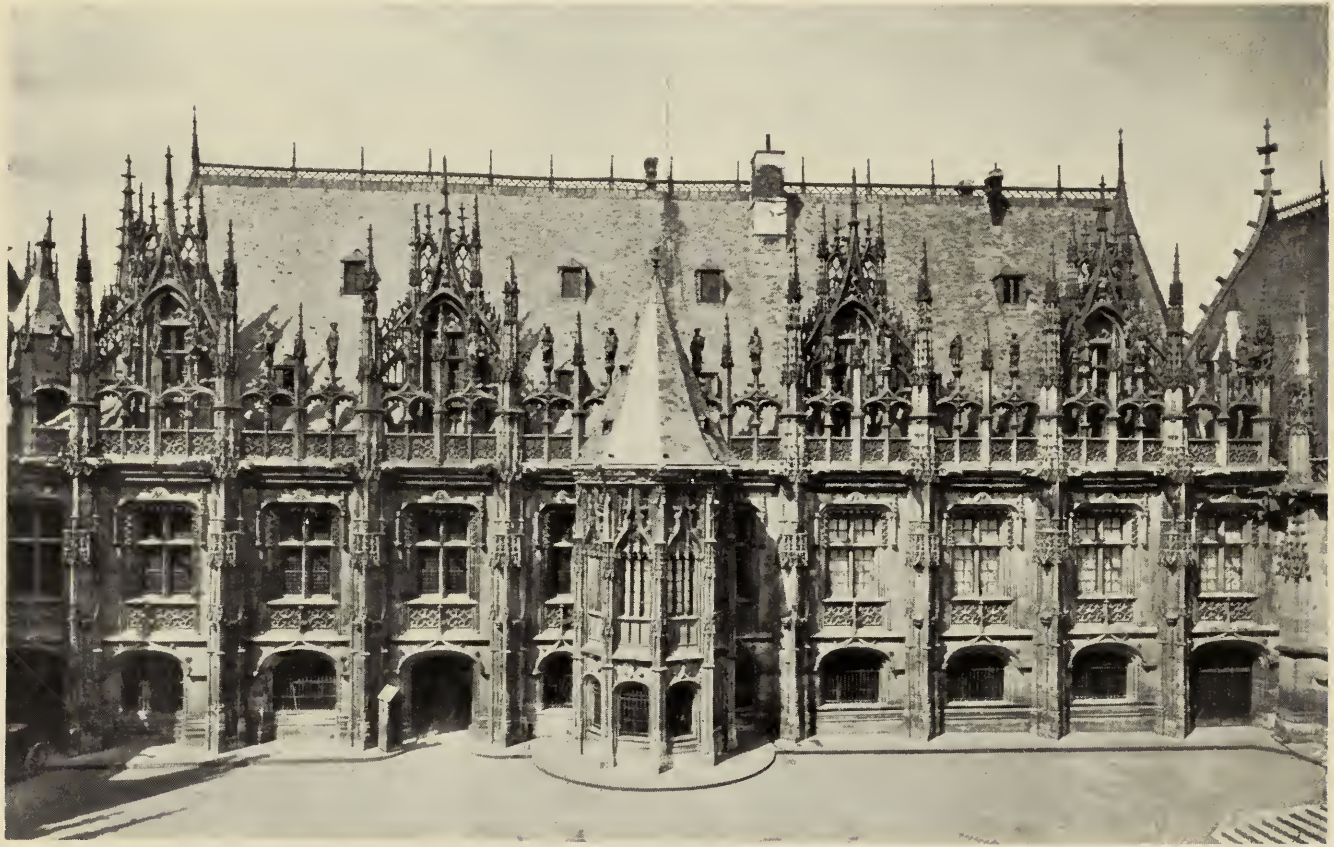
and that the only thing she could do to save herself was by recanting her heresies. For a long time she remained unmoved, and said, 'When I shall see before me the executioners, and the fire, and aye when I shall stand in the midst of the flames, I shall say no more than I have already done.'

At last for a while she wavered. But under what conditions? She had grown weak with sickness, and for almost a year had been kept in close confinement heavily weighted with chains. For sixty days nearly she had been on trial for her life, 'against the subtlest brains, the deepest learning, the ignoblest deceits, the meanest treacheries, the hardest hearts to be found in any land, pagan or Christian—she had fought alone, a forsaken, helpless, sick girl!' No wonder that in a moment of weakness and mental dizziness she wavered. She was constantly being exhorted by the priests of the Church she profoundly loved to admit her heresy. With so much against her a temporary doubt of the truth of her revelations entered her mind, and she consented after severe pressure, upon a promise of immediate freedom, to sign a statement that her revelations were illusions and falsehoods. The priestly dastards, however, were

grossly deceiving the girl when they promised her freedom. Her renunciation had to be made on May 24 in the public market-place at Rouen. Two scaffolds were erected, and surrounded with priestly officials, men-at-arms, and thousands of people. Upon one scaffold was placed the Maid—dazed, weak, pitiful, without a single sympathizer. The other scaffold was occupied by a preacher, Erard, one of Cauchon's assessors. He delivered a bitter philippic against her, and against her King. So violently did he denounce Charles that, dazed as Joan was, she turned upon the preacher, and exclaimed, 'My King is the noblest of all Christians.'

To the very last she defended this coward who had so cruelly abandoned her. Her protest brought upon her the execration of the villanous Cauchon. Again she asked that all her deeds and words should be sent to the Pope, 'to whom, and to God, I first appeal.' Again her appeal was suppressed, and she was told she must sign the abjuration or burn. The executioner stood, torch in hand, ready to bear her away to instant death. History shows us no more pathetic figure than this girl standing surrounded by a howling priesthood shouting 'sign or burn.' 'I would sooner sign than burn,'

cried the frightened, persecuted child. So she put forth her hand to sign the statement that her visions were delusions of the evil one. Now with reference to the signing of this abjuration a piece of gross deceit was practised upon Joan. There is no doubt there was great confusion and uproar in the market-place. The crowd was under the impression that they were going to see the burning of the witch. Afraid that their desire was going to be thwarted they were correspondingly clamorous. Even the judges were quarrelling among themselves. Cauchon is reported as retorting upon an English doctor, who had offended him, and calling him 'a liar.' The whole situation was tumultuous. In the 'Procès-verbal' Joan is reported to have been thrice admonished, and that at last she put her sign to the document of abjuration containing forty-six lines of close fine print. It seems impossible that in the riot that was proceeding so much could have been read to her, and even if read, heard or understood. At the Trial of Rehabilitation several witnesses, on oath, stated that the document Joan signed was not this document, but one containing a few lines, not more than eight, not more, in fact, than what is contained in the Lord's Prayer. The general



PALACE OF JUSTICE, ROUEN

feeling upon the matter has been that while a short document of comparatively simple charges were read to her, another document of a very different character was substituted for it. Even those of her judges who were examined on oath declared with certainty that she had never signed the long document in the 'Procès-verbal.' Cauchon evidently was a master of duplicity.

As soon as Joan had signed the document these disreputable creatures who had promised her freedom pronounced upon her a sentence of perpetual imprisonment! She asked to be consigned to the prison of the Church, as the Church had condemned her. 'Take her back,' said Cauchon, 'to the Castle prison.' Amid a scene of indescribable uproar upon the part of the crowd, who felt that they were being cheated out of the exhilarating exhibition of the burning of the witch, she was carried back to the iron cage and the chains of the tower of Rouen Castle.

Jean Massieu, curé of one of the districts of the Parochial Church of Saint Caudres of Rouen, made the following declaration under oath on March 5, 1450, at the Trial of Rehabilitation: 'And that day after dinner, in the presence of the Council of the Church, she put off her masculine

attire, and assumed a woman's dress as the Church ordered, and afterwards, I think on the Friday or Thursday after Pentecost, her suit of male clothes was put in a bag in the same room where she was detained prisoner, and remained guarded by five Englishmen, of whom three stayed in her room all night, and two outside the door. And I know for certain that by night she slept chained by the legs with two pairs of iron chains, and fastened tightly to a chain which traversed the foot of the bed, linked to a great block of timber, five or six feet long, and closing by a key which no one could move from its place. And on the Sunday morning following, which was Trinity Sunday, when she wanted to rise, as she herself related to me, she inquired of her English guards, "Unchain me, that I may get up." Whereupon one of them took away her female habiliments, emptied the bag containing the man's dress, and threw the clothes towards her saying, "Get up." Then he put the woman's garments into the bag. As they would give her nothing else she was compelled to dress herself in the man's dress, although she said, "Sirs, you know this is forbidden me." The dispute lasted until about one o'clock at noon, and finally her necessities constrained her to assume

the said clothes. On the same day I met near the Castle the priests and men of the Church who had been summoned to witness that she had resumed the forbidden dress.'

There is no doubt that Joan at this time was subject to the most terrible insults from her English keepers. Let us be thankful we have no detailed account of those terrible nights in her cell after her forced abjuration.

The English were not satisfied with her abjuration, and the sentence of imprisonment. They anxiously desired that she should be burned at the stake. Earl Warwick was so exasperated with the situation that he bullied the French clerics. 'Do not worry, my lord,' said one of them, 'we shall soon have her again.' They certainly meant to have her again, for on the Monday following the Trinity Sunday she was brought once more before the Council. Despite what she had passed through, she did not seem to be the same Joan that stood on the scaffold in the market-place. Her weakness and her fear seemed to have completely disappeared. She seemed to be as keen, alert, and brave as she had been at any moment during the trial. In this her last appearance before her judges, she seemed to touch the high-water mark of her

life. Her judges demanded to know why she had assumed the forbidden dress.

'Because,' said the girl, 'I am sure it is safer while consorting with men, because you have not observed your promise that I should receive the Holy Sacrament, and because I have not my freedom.'

Her persecutors ignored her reply, and went on. 'We have been told that you have again heard your "Voices"; what did they say to you?'

'They said,' she declared, 'that God has had compassion upon me for the treason I committed in making the abjuration to save my life, and if I should say again that my mission was not for God I should damn myself, for truly God did send me! My recantation was through fear of the fire! My Voices came from God! I renounce nothing except with the proviso so far as it pleaseth God!'

That Joan faltered for a moment when she was too ill to realize distinctly what she was doing is only an additional cause for sympathy, but now she shows her true self. It is a wonderful picture. The world in which she moved, with its sordid sin and passion, was not fit to touch the hem of her garment. She was great before, but as she stood before her judges, and knew that to state her

loyalty to her convictions and to her God meant certain martyrdom, and as she unflinchingly stated, 'God did send me; my Voices came from God, and I am His child,' she became greater and more wonderful than when she was crowning Charles King of France in the Cathedral at Rheims. It was a spiritual conquest, far greater than anything she had accomplished in open warfare. She was of those of whom the world is not worthy.

Her brutal judges had now obtained all that they wished for. They declared with much self-complacency that she had convicted herself. The sentence of death was therefore immediately passed upon her. 'Cauchon and his bandits,' as Lang calls them, decided that Joan must now be handed over to the secular powers for the purpose of execution.

We thus reach the last scene in this tragedy. That Joan flinched and shed tears when she heard she was to be burnt alive, is no impeachment of her true courage. 'Why will they treat me so horribly that my body should be reduced to ashes? I would sooner be beheaded seven times over than burnt alive. Oh! I appeal to God, the great Judge, against the wrong you have done me!'

Presently she recovered her composure, and after

taking the sacrament, which privilege was granted to her, although it was served to her in a disgraceful manner, she said, 'I have good hope in God. To-day I shall be with God in Paradise!

To Cauchon, the unjust judge, she said, 'It is through your injustice this has happened, and I summon you to meet me at the bar of God!'

At nine o'clock on the morning of May 30, 1431, two short years since she had said good-bye to her old mother at Domremy, this girl of nineteen was assisted into the car to be conducted to the place of torture and of death. Vast crowds flocked to see Joan, as she and her executioner passed on to the great open square of the old market-place of Rouen. She wept, but never once did she accuse her King for so cruelly forsaking her. To that 'caitiff,' as Lang calls him, she was always true.

'O Rouen! O Rouen! Must I die here?' she exclaimed, as she looked round upon the beautiful city.

Into the crowded market-place full of soldiers, priests, and people came this tragic procession. The iniquitous proceedings commenced with a sermon preached by a priest whose utterance ended with the 'damnable and hypocritical

MARTYRDOM OF JOAN OF ARC IN THE MARKET-PLACE, ROUEN.

formula: "Joan, go in peace, for the Church can no longer defend thee."' The Maid threw herself upon her knees, and prayed so earnestly that her devotion moved many in the crowd to tears; and even Cauchon, that devil's agent, was overcome with the sentiment of the situation. She asked for a crucifix, and as there was none at hand a rough soldier made one out of his staff and gave it her. Presently, however, a cross was brought from one of the neighbouring churches, which she long and reverently embraced. But the crowd grew angry at the protracted scene, and called upon the executioner to do his duty. Two sergeants dragged her from the hands of the priests, and gave her to the doomsman. For a brief moment she stood at the foot of the scaffold, and cried, 'O Rouen, thou wilt be my last dwelling-place.'

She was led to the summit and bound to the fatal stake. Determined to carry out the tragedy to the last detail, Cauchon had placed above her head the inscription, 'Heretic! Relapse! Apostate! Idolatress!' The fire was then lighted. What a sight! For a moment she groaned and asked for water, but it was the last evidence of human weakness. As the flames

leaped upwards all doubt of her glorious mission faded away, and she cried, 'My Voices were from God! They have not deceived me!' Then as the fire rose higher and higher, hiding her at times from the people, there came to this heroic soul a vision of the Son of God. In a moment the torture, the injustice, the infamous treachery rolled away, and she seemed to grow oblivious to all pain. Then with one great clear cry of 'Jesus,' the spirit of this noble-hearted girl passed into the eternal world.

'She has made a fine end,' said one bystander.

'She was a martyr for her King,' said another.

Even Cauchon's secretary exclaimed, 'We are lost, for we have burnt a saint.'

Joan had pleaded that whatever was done to her, her remains might be interred in holy ground, but Cauchon gave orders that her ashes should be gathered and thrown into the Seine, and he saw that those orders were implicitly obeyed. The man was so blinded with prejudice and sordid passion that he thought he had destroyed her and all traces of her, but she was interred in the great heart of patriotic humanity, and lives for evermore.

STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC AT ORLEANS.

IX

Afterwards

The spirit of the French was at last aroused: they began to oppose a vigorous national resistance to the foreign conquerers; and from that time the skill of the English captains and the courage of the English soldiers were, happily for mankind, exerted in vain. After many desperate struggles, and with many bitter regrets, our ancestors gave up the contest. Since that age no British Government has ever seriously and steadily pursued the design of making great conquests on the Continent. The people, indeed, continued to cherish with pride the recollections of Crécy, or Poitiers, and of Agincourt. Even after the lapse of many years it was easy to fire their blood, and to draw forth their subsidies by promising them an expedition for the conquest of France. But happily the energies of our country have been directed to better objects; and she now occupies in the history of mankind a place far more glorious than if she had, as at one time seemed not improbable, acquired by the sword an ascendency similar to that which formerly belonged to the Roman Republic.

Macaulay.

XI

AFTERWARDS

THUS died Joan of Arc!

'The work wrought by this girl,' says one writer, 'may fairly be regarded as ranking with any recorded in history, when one considers the conditions under which it was undertaken, the obstacles in the way, and the means at her disposal. Caesar carried conquest far, but he did it with the trained and confident veterans of Rome, and was a trained soldier himself; Napoleon swept away the disciplined armies of Europe, but he also was a trained soldier, and he begun his work with patriotic battalions inflamed and inspired by the miracle-working new breath of liberty breathed upon them by the Revolution—eager young apprentices to the trade of war, not old and broken-down men-at-arms, survivors of an age-long accumulation of monotonous defeats; but Joan of Arc, a mere child in years, unlettered, a poor village

girl, unknown and without influence, found a great nation lying in chains, helpless and hopeless under an alien domination, its treasury bankrupt, its soldiers disheartened and dispersed, all spirit torpid, all courage dead in the hearts of the people through long years of foreign and domestic outrage and oppression, their King cowed, resigned to his fate, and preparing to fly the country; and she laid her hand upon this nation, this corpse, and it rose and followed her. She led it from victory to victory. She turned back the tide of the Hundred Years War. She fatally crippled the English power, and died with the earned title of Deliverer of France, which she bears to this day—and for all reward the French King whom she had crowned stood supine and indifferent, while French priests took the noble child, the most innocent, the most lovely, the most adorable the ages have produced, and burned her alive at the stake.'

As to the abiding character of the work of Joan history bears eloquent testimony. During the Trial the Maid had declared emphatically that a great blow would befall the English arms within seven years, and that soon after England would lose all power in France. In a matter of twenty years the girl's prophecy was remarkably fulfilled.

Commenting on the words uttered by Cauchon's secretary at the burning of Joan, 'We are lost, for we have burnt a saint,' Green says:

'The English cause was irretrievably lost. In spite of a pompous coronation of their boy-king at Paris, Bedford, with the cool wisdom of his temper, seems to have abandoned all hope of permanently retaining France, and to have fallen back upon his brother's original plan of securing Normandy. Henry's Court was established for a year at Rouen, a university founded at Caen, and whatever rapine and disorder might be permitted elsewhere, justice, good government, and security for trade were steadily maintained through the favoured province. At home Bedford was resolutely backed by the Bishop of Winchester, who had been raised to the rank of cardinal, and who still governed England through the Royal Council, in spite of the fruitless struggles of the Duke of Gloucester. His immense wealth was poured without stint into the exhausted treasury; his loans to the Crown amounted to half a million; and the army which he had raised at his own cost for the Hussite Crusade in Bohemia was unscrupulously diverted to the relief of Bedford after the delivery of Orleans. The Cardinal's diplomatic ability was

seen in the truces he wrung from Scotland, and in his personal efforts to prevent the reconciliation of Burgundy with France. But the death of Bedford was a death-blow to the English cause. Burgundy allied itself with Charles the Seventh; Paris, after a sudden revolt, surrendered to the King; and the English dominions were at once reduced to Normandy, and the fortresses of Picardy, Maine, and Anjou. To preserve these the English soldiers, shrunk as they were to a mere handful, struggled with a bravery as desperate as in their days of triumph. Lord Talbot, the most daring of their chiefs, forded the Somme with the waters up to his chin to relieve Crotoy, and threw his men across the Oise in the face of a French army to relieve Pontoise. But in spite of these efforts, and of the pressure of the war party at home, the great Churchmen who, though weakened by Beaufort's retirement, still remained at the head of affairs, saw that success was no longer possible. They offered in vain to fall back on the terms of the Treaty of Bretigny; and after the expiration of a short truce, which they purchased by the release of the Duke of Orleans, a fresh effort for peace was made by the Earl of Suffolk, who had now become the minister of Henry the Sixth, and

negotiated for his master a marriage with Marguerite of Anjou. Her father, Réné, the titular King of Sicily and Jerusalem, was also nominally Duke of the provinces of Maine and Anjou, and these were surrendered by the English minister as the price of a match which Suffolk regarded as the prelude to a final peace. A terrible crime secured the peace party from the Duke of Gloucester, who had resumed his old activity on the retirement of Cardinal Beaufort, and had now placed himself at the head of the partisans of the war; he was summoned to attend a Parliament at St. Edmondsbury, charged with high treason, and a few days after found dead in his bed. But the difficulties he had raised foiled Suffolk in his negotiations; and though Charles extorted the surrender of Le Mans by a threat of war, the provisions of the treaty remained for the most part unfulfilled. The struggle, however, now became a hopeless one. In two months from the resumption of the war half Normandy was in the hands of Dunois; Rouen rose against her feeble garrison and threw open her gates to the King; and the defeat of three thousand Englishmen in a fight at Fourmigny was the signal for revolt throughout the rest of the province. The surrender of Cherbourg

left Henry not a foot of ground in Normandy, but the views of the French monarch reached south of the Loire, where Guienne was still loyal to the English crown. But not a man arrived for its defence; and the surrender of fortress after fortress secured the final expulsion of the English from the soil of France. The Hundred Years War had ended not only in the loss of the temporary conquests made since the time of Edward the Third, with the exception of Calais, but in the loss of the great southern province which had remained in English hands since the marriage of its Duchess, Eleanor, to Henry the Second, and in the building up of France into a far greater power than it had ever been before.'

Calais was captured during the reign of Edward the Third, 1347. The town, called 'The Brightest Jewel in the English Crown,' was finally lost in the reign of Queen Mary (1558), and Joan's vision of 'a great French nation, self-centred and self-sufficient,' became finally realized. This Maid of Domremy re-created France.

Some few words must be added to this narrative upon the subject of 'Rehabilitation.' While the character of the French King improved in certain respects as he grew older, one does not feel that he

took any steps towards clearing the Maid's reputation from the terrible charges for which she was burnt out of any desire to do justice to her, but rather from a selfish concern for himself. For over twenty years he remained indifferent to the girl's reputation, then with the final downfall of the English power his attitude changed. Attention was being called by the English to the fact that he had obtained his crown by the help of a person who was condemned, and burnt for being a sorceress, and in league with Satan. It gave Charles really a very disreputable social standing, apart from the political danger of such an accusation. Disturbance, and perhaps ruin to his position, would ensue from the acceptance of such a view among his subjects. What nation would want a king with such a questionable record? The dead Joan might undo all that the living Joan had accomplished. The situation must be changed by removing the danger, and that could only be accomplished by clearing the reputation of the illustrious Maid.

In 1450 Charles directed Guillaume Bouillé, rector of the University of Paris, to investigate the circumstance of Joan's trial, condemnation, and death. Beyond the fact that great lawyers gave it

as their opinion that the trial was illegal, there was no judgement delivered. Two years after, Joan's mother was moved to appeal to the Pope, Nicholas V; he also ordered an investigation, of which nothing very definite came. Finally, the King appealed to Pope Calixtus, and he appointed a great Commission to inquire into the whole matter of Joan's life, and award judgement. The Commission sat at Domremy, Orleans, Rouen, Paris, and several other places associated with the Maid's work. Their inquiries and investigations extended over several months, and upwards of a hundred witnesses were examined. Almost every witness examined was over fifty years of age. Among those who gave evidence were people of the highest position; princes, dukes, great lawyers, and a large number of those who knew her personally, and who had fought under her standard in actual warfare. The mass of evidence collected was extraordinary, and dealt with every part of her life. It is to be remembered that all the evidence was taken on oath, and is to be absolutely depended upon. The outcome of the inquiry was that her trial was pronounced illegal, and she was declared to have been a good Christian, a loyal subject, a noble virgin; and it was ordered that masses should be

offered in the principal churches of France for her sinless soul.

One cannot but feel that Anatole France read this wonderful collection of evidence with his tongue in his cheek. If ever there was given to the world a great justification of a human life it was in the Rehabilitation. But Anatole France has taken of this material what has suited his own personal conception of Joan's character, and rejected the rest. Whatever one may say about his conception of the Maid's character his book is certainly not true to the facts of the case. For instance, if anything was demonstrated this girl's sincerity was; and yet while Anatole France says 'she cannot be suspected of falsehood,' he allows himself to write this more than questionable passage: 'These eyes swimming with tears, this ravished air, so marvellous in the eyes of the Bastard, were no ecstasy, they were a *feigned* ecstasy. The scene was full of trickery and innocence.' This passage is typical of the spirit of his book. He sneers again at her military knowledge and tactics, and declares she 'was never consulted, and never led' in war matters. Such a statement is dead against the evidence, and what is more, it is against the military opinions of a

later day. 'After all that can be done by the rationalizing process, the mystery remains of an untutored and unlettered girl of eighteen years of age not only imposing her will upon captains and courtiers, but showing a skill and judgement worthy, as General Dragomiroff says, of the greatest commanders, indeed of Napoleon himself.' General Davoût, a nephew of Napoleon's marshal, remarks upon her physical and moral courage, her discipline, care of men, initiative, and tenacity. In the evidence taken D'Alencon says, 'She was most expert in war. She had the caution and foresight of a captain with twenty or thirty years' experience.' Dunois said that at Troyes Joan, 'putting herself at the head of the army, had its tents placed right against the trenches of the town, and executed many marvellous manœuvres which had not been thought of by two or three accomplished generals working together.' De Termes also stated that at Orleans no man could have excelled her for courage, that the captains were astounded at her energy, and that in the leadership of men she was equal to the most skilled war captains in the world. The only reply that Anatole France makes to the sworn evidence of the French gentlemen who fought with the Maid

is that they were liars, and were prepared to swear anything to suit their party. He would have us believe that Joan was little else than a mascot! So much for Joan not being skilful in military matters. There is no doubt whatever that Anatole France's work is one mass of inaccuracies. Not the least interesting feature of Andrew Lang's book is the way he tracks these inaccurate statements. It is unfortunate that the Frenchman's materialism should have prevented him doing full justice to Joan's spirituality and genius. However, the wonderful evidence of the Rehabilitation remains. It is perhaps the most remarkable collection of historical evidence that has ever been compiled. To question its validity and accuracy, says one high authority, is to 'question the very foundations of history.' While that evidence remains Joan of Arc will stand forth in ever increasing light and spiritual beauty.

The Romish Church has canonized many excellent of the earth, and many who have been the reverse. Joan has long awaited the honour of such a recognition. A tardy justice, however, is at last being rendered to her great memory by the present Pope. Five hundred years after her birth, steps are being taken to place her among the company

of the saints of her own Church. A discerning American, commenting on Joan's life, remarks justly, 'Love, Mercy, Charity, Fortitude, War, Peace, Poetry, Music—these may be symbolized as any shall prefer: by figures of either sex, and of any age; but a slender girl in her first young bloom, with the martyr's crown upon her head, and in her hand the sword that severed her country's bonds—shall not this, and no other, stand for Patriotism through all the ages until time shall end?'

Joan's short life was noble and beautiful, without a touch of selfishness. She had a mighty love for her country, for goodness, and for God. Her life speaks in no uncertain tones to us. Darkness, oppression, and evil are everywhere, and the world is waiting for men and women inspired by the Spirit of the living God to help it out of bondage into liberty and truth. Let us as far as possible imitate this Joan of Arc by doing earnestly what we supremely feel to be the duty which God sets before us.

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